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A DAY-BOOK

OF

LANDOR

A DAY-BOOK

OF

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

Chosen by

JOHN BAILEY

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INTRODUCTION

LANDOR has been very fortunate in his editors and critics. Few authors have been more generally praised by their peers. And perhaps no English writer except Wordsworth owes more to an interpreter than Landor owes to Sir Sidney Colvin, whose volume of selections from him is not only one of the largest but also one of the finest in the Golden Treasury Series. His works are bulky, and in every way rather difficult of approach for the ordinary reader. It is safe to say that of his readers to-day at least three-quarters know him chiefly or solely in the Golden Treasury volume. There is also a more recent selection, an admirable little book, done by Mr. de Sélincourt. But that is confined to the *Imaginary Conversations*. In his interesting Introduction to it, Mr. de Sélincourt says: 'Open our Landor where we will, we cannot read far before we meet some wise saw, some striking image, that arrests the attention and sets the mind working.' Part of the object of this little book is to illustrate the truth of this remark and to do for Landor what has been done for so many writers who lend themselves to it so much less than he. It has, indeed, already been partly done in a

little volume of 'Aphorisms' chosen by Mr. Brimley Johnson. But there is room in Landor's abundance for many such volumes. And more than that, the plan and object, as well as the method, followed here are somewhat different from Mr. Johnson's. He confines himself to prose, and, as his title implies, keeps almost entirely to general maxims and reflections. So I have hoped that it may not be amiss to put together a book at once smaller than his and more representative of the whole of Landor: more representative, or aiming at being so, as including not only his prose but his verse; not only the general laws he liked to lay down but his interesting applications of them to individual cases: not only politics but Napoleon: not only poetry but Dante and Milton: not only thought but, at least occasionally, pure, almost unthinking, beauty: not only his wise reflections but at least something of his preferences and even his prejudices: in a word, not only the master of prose but the whole writer, not only the writer but the man. And it has seemed convenient to adopt the form of a day-book or calendar, giving one such sentence, or judgement, or image, or confession, to each day in the year. Often the single image or thought has required for its development something approaching a paragraph: and when that has been so I have not hesitated to find space for it. But the longest has I hope its own unity, and there is none which it will take

so much as a minute to read aloud. The passages chosen for the first, eighth, fifteenth, twenty-second, and twenty-ninth of each month are from Landor's verse: the rest are from his prose. This seemed to represent something like their relative importance. He has himself invited such a distinction: 'poetry was always my amusement, prose my study and business.' And no competent judge has doubted that he was right. Beautiful as the best of his verse is, often full of an exquisite graciousness, and sometimes of a Roman majesty, it rarely remains long on either of these heights, and on the whole gives the impression of being the production not so much of a poet as of a very nobly-gifted amateur in poetry. His prose on the other hand, not merely frequently but almost constantly, sounds the insistent and imperative claim to rank as the work of a master, a claim which has never been seriously disputed. It is his prose, therefore, which provides the material for by far the greater number of my quotations. There is only one other thing to say about the method followed in choosing and arranging the selection. The passages given are not inserted in chronological order, nor are those which come from a single *Conversation* always placed together. It has seemed better to group them by mood and subject: autobiography, religion, literature, politics and the like; and that not strictly but quite loosely, passing backwards and forwards from one

to another and aiming chiefly at the avoidance of any too abrupt contrast in manner or thought between one day and the next and at the building of such bridges of transition as could be found between different subjects. The sharpest breaks in the continuity will be found, as seemed permissible, in the passages of verse.

Nearly all Landor's work is dramatic in form; that is, he speaks in it not directly but through the voices of others. The names of the speakers are here prefixed to the passages given. This is obviously right and necessary, and would have been so even if Landor had not himself, in his prefatory note to the *Imaginary Conversations*, desired us to be on our guard against the mistake of 'attributing to the writer any opinions but what are spoken under his own name'. Yet it is certain that there are few *Conversations* in which one at least of the speakers (and often more than one) is not obviously a mouthpiece of Landor. He tells us himself in a note to the *Conversation* between Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney that in verse at least he did not think it well to imitate the manner of the poets whom he introduces as speakers. So the poems which he has inserted in *Pericles and Aspasia* and other dialogues make little or no pretence of being anything but his own. And nearly all his characters express themselves in the stately Landorian prose. We cannot tell from the style whether it be Southey or Porson, Aesop or Rhodope,

who is speaking. Nor was it only in manner that he avoided the dramatic. What could be less characteristic of Johnson than the denunciation of conversational combat put into his mouth in the quotation for January 23rd? And what less like Shakespeare than the fine sermon he is made to pour out in the *Citation and Examination*? And these are only two extreme instances. No doubt there are *Conversations*, such as the noble *Leofric and Godiva*, the beautiful *Maid of Orleans and Agnes Sorel*, and the amusing *Filippo Lippi and Eugenius IV*, in which real dramatic power is shown, and the characters are kept distinct and clearly marked: but they are neither the majority nor anything like the majority. Even in his professed dramas he seldom escapes from his own way of thought and expression. That he was not blind to this is shown by the proud humility with which he speaks of his wonderful *Conversation* between the shades of Agamemnon and Iphigeneia: 'I was tragedian in that scene alone.'

The truth is that his mind was too statuesque for drama, as we understand it: at least for any later than the *Prometheus* of Aeschylus. He had something of the passion of drama in him, but none of the mobility, flexibility, and sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men, which it requires. He yielded to none in his unbounded admiration of Shakespeare, whom he places, in the passage given on June 20th, alone and above all

poets as 'the confidant of the Creator'. But he was much more like Milton, with whom as at once, like himself, aristocrat and republican, scholar and poet, he evidently felt a peculiar affinity. Whatever he touched he translated and transformed till it became, not his own, as was Shakespeare's way, but himself, as was Milton's.

And yet, like Milton, he has a universality after his own fashion. As Milton compelled all nations and all ages into his service and brought all history into an action which ended while the population of this earth was but one man and one woman, so Landor, however individual and personal his attitude always is, yet can use all the world to express it, to adorn it by action, to illustrate it by imagination, or throw it into relief by contrast or opposition. Like Cicero, whom he is never tired of praising, he had all the universality that can come of reading. And, while the world behind Cicero was one of only three or four centuries and of only two peoples, the world in which Landor moves with such stately ease includes twenty-five centuries and almost every nation and order of men which has played an important part in them. The classical world, the mediaeval and the modern, all meet in his pages: Greek and Persian, Roman and Carthaginian, Christian and pagan, monks and Mahommedans, Frenchmen and Germans, Englishmen and Italians, scholars and theologians,

statesmen and soldiers, poets and critics, painters and Popes. Here is God's plenty indeed. There is nothing quite like it anywhere else; not even the vast embrace of Gibbon includes so much. It would be a pardonable exaggeration to say that there is nothing in the whole history of man which does not find a place somewhere in the *Imaginary Conversations* of Landor.

Of course he is very far from being equally at home everywhere. His mind was Roman and English: much that was characteristically Greek and almost everything that was characteristically mediaeval was alien or unintelligible to him. He makes Barrow tell Newton that he finds more 'wisdom and genius' in Cicero than in all the philosophers of Greece. He disliked Plato not only for the reasons which he gives, but probably still more for reasons of which he was not fully conscious, and chiefly because Plato with his other-worldliness, his sense of sin, his mysticism, is the least classical of the classics. Nor would the incomparable suavity and liquid ease of Plato's style have disarmed his antagonism: his choice in these matters was not the ease, simplicity, or flexibility of Greece, but rather the ordered stateliness of Rome. So again, nobly as he can praise Dante, the whole world of the Middle Age was so alien to his instinct for daylight, practice, and common sense, that he can make Petrarch declare that 'at least sixteen parts in twenty of the *Inferno* and

Purgatorio are detestable both in poetry and principle'. And there are not only many individuals but at least one nation, the French, to whom he is habitually unfair.

That he has these and other serious limitations cannot be denied. But a little book of this kind is not the place to exhibit them. Enough of the man himself will indeed, I hope, be found in what is here given of his work to make it clear that he was no bloodless book-worm coldly turning out his copy-book wisdom, but a very human being of like passions with the rest of us, even with the most passionate. But the primary object has been of course to give such of his thoughts as, if making no pretence to claim universal acceptance, are, at the lowest, characteristic, not of his wilfulness, eccentricity, and petulance, but of that high-minded and high-hearted soul of his, the life of which he was eternally renewing by the memory of all great actions and all great books, in whose companionship no man ever lived so constantly. His life was a very long one. His first volume was published three years before the *Lyrical Ballads*; and after knowing Southey and Wordsworth well and Coleridge and Lamb a little, he lived to an old age which was soothed and protected by the active kindness of Browning and glorified, as well as a little astonished, by the passionate adoration of Swinburne, who came to Florence to throw himself in worship before his knees. But the long life had a rare unity. Two undying

passions filled it from its first day to its last, liberty and letters. Both were understood by him in their widest meaning. For all kinds of good literature, even the newest, commonly so alien and repellent to old age, his welcome was always ready and eager: of all kinds of liberty, political, intellectual, and religious, he was always the jealous lover and defender. Most of the passages chosen for this calendar illustrate one or other of these master passions. For pure speculation, whether the philosophy of Greece or the theology of Christendom, or the scepticism of modern thinkers, he had a great distaste. But what he disliked in it was not its freedom but its futility. There is a great deal of religion in general and of the Christian religion in particular in his writings. But it all comes to two things: toleration and intellectual humility on the one side, charity and mercy, love in thought and action, on the other. The two texts he best likes to preach from are, as will be seen, 'Judge not and ye shall not be judged', and 'the greatest of these is charity'. The sermon which he so strangely makes Shakespeare repeat before Sir Thomas Lucy, is preached from both.

These are his two main topics, books and liberty: the liberty to seek truth and follow goodness. But of course there are others, and many of the days of this calendar will be found to be given to the observation of

human nature, to the wisdom which gives us the joy of life and delivers us from the fear of death; to art and nature, birds and flowers and trees: not least to trees which, as FitzGerald thought, 'all magnanimous men love', and which none have loved or praised better than Landor. It would have required a much larger book to illustrate the extent and variety of his pictures of life, as books had shown it to him in all ages and countries. But interesting as these are, his true greatness does not lie in the universality of his range. It does not even lie in the profundity or originality of his thought. Like his favourite Cicero he is seldom original as the very greatest writers are original. He spent his ninety years thinking about life and letters: and he constantly does for us all almost the best thing a book can do: he makes us lay his volume down and think. But other writers can do that, some of them better than he. Where he excels all but the very greatest in the world is in the intensity of his best thought and the astonishing perfection of its utterance. The perfect form protects and clothes the passion: it does not conceal it. In this way he can do more for us than make us think. He can do, he often does, what only a great artist can. He can transport us into a state in which thought and wonder and delight are a single fusion of our being. That is the supreme gift of his genius: the gift in which, at the moments when he is

most fully possessed of it, he had scarcely a rival among the masters of English prose. It is that, above all else, which makes him secure of an inheritance of fame which he can never lose so long as English words and sentences remain no mere counters of trade and business but notes of music, with infinite possibilities of order and beauty, the winged messengers of thought and memory and imagination. That is what they were for Landor all his life through in the works of others. That is what they can be and should be for us in his.

A DAY-BOOK OF LANDOR

January 1

I STROVE with none; for none was worth my strife,
Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art.
I warmed both hands before the fire of life,
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

The Last Fruit off an Old Tree.

January 2

Landor. I have walked always where I must breathe hard, and where such breathing was my luxury.

Landor, English Visitor, and Florentine.

January 3

Sidney. That life has not been spent idly, which has been mainly spent in conciliating the generous affections by such studies and pursuits as best furnish the mind for their reception.

Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney.

January 4

Pericles. We have all done much; but we have all done less than we can do, ought to do, and will do.

Pericles and Aspasia.

January 5

Shakespeare (quoting a preacher whom he liked). 'Forgive, or ye shall not be forgiven. This ye may do every day; for if ye find not offences, ye feign them; and surely ye may remove your own work, if ye may remove another's.'

Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare.

January 6

Epicurus. Abstinence from low pleasures is the only means of meriting or of obtaining the higher.

Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.

January 7

Aspasia. My dear friends! let us keep our temper firmly, and our tenets laxly; and let any man correct both who will take the trouble.

Pericles and Aspasia.

January 8

There is delight in singing, though none hear
Beside the singer; and there is delight
In praising, though the praiser sit alone
And see the prais'd far off him, far above.
Shakespeare is not our poet, but the world's,
Therefore on him no speech! and brief for thee,
Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,

No man hath walked along our roads with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse.
Poems and Epigrams.

January 9

Aspasia. We make a bad bargain when we change poetry for truth in the affairs of ancient times, and by no means a good one in any.
Pericles and Aspasia.

January 10

Cleone. Highly poetical works, or those in which eloquence is invested with the richest attributes of poetry, are the only ones that can prolong the existence of a dialect.
Pericles and Aspasia.

January 11

Landor. It is never at a time when the feelings are most acute that the poet expresses them.
Southey and Landor.

January 12

Petrarca. We poets are heated by proximity. Those who are gone warm us by the breath they leave behind them in their course, and *only* warm us: those who are standing near, and just before, fever us.
The Pentameron.

January 13

Landor. Authors should never be seen by authors, and little by other people. The Dalai Lama is a god to the imagination, a child to the sight; and a poet is much the same.

Southey and Landor.

January 14

Marvel. Every great author is a great reformer; and the reform is either in thought or language. Milton is zealous and effective in both.

Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.

January 15

He who beholds the skies of Italy
Sees ancient Rome reflected, sees beyond,
Into more glorious Hellas, nurse of Gods
And godlike men: dwarfs people other lands.
Frown not, maternal England! thy weak child
Kneels at thy feet and owns in shame a lie.

The Last Fruit off an Old Tree.

January 16

Boccaccio. I love beyond measure in Virgil his kindness toward dumb creatures.

The Pentameron.

January 17

Marvel. Not even the verses of Homer himself have that diversity of cadence which enchants us in *Paradise Lost.* Who was the blockhead who invented the word *blank* for its verse?

Milton and Marvel.

January 18

Vittoria. There are various kinds of greatness, as we all know; however, the most of those who profess one species is ready to acknowledge no other. The first and chief is intellectual. But surely those, also, are to be admitted into the number of the eminently great who move large masses by action, by throwing their own ardent minds into the midst of popular assemblies or conflicting armies; compelling, directing, and subjecting. This greatness is, indeed, far from so desirable as that which shines serenely from above, to be our hope, comfort, and guidance; to lead us in spirit from a world of sad realities into one fresh from the poet's hand, and blooming with all the variety of his creation. Hence the most successful generals, and the most powerful kings, will always be considered by the judicious and dispassionate as invested with less dignity, less extensive and enduring authority, than great philosophers and great poets.

Vittoria Colonna and Michael-Angelo.

January 19

Boccaccio. Good poetry, like good music, pleases most people, but the ignorant and inexpert lose half its pleasures, the invidious lose them all. What a paradise lost is here!

Petrarca. If we deduct the inexpert, the ignorant, and the invidious, can we correctly say it pleases most people?

The Pentameron.

January 20

Michael-Angelo. In some pleasing poems there is nothing whatsoever of the useful.

Vittoria. My friend, I think you are mistaken. An obvious moral is indeed a heavy protuberance, which injures the gracefulness of a poem; but there is wisdom of one kind or other in every sentence of a really good composition, and it produces its effect in various ways. You employ gold in your pictures; not always of the same consistency or the same preparation; but several of your colours, even the most different, are in part composed of it. This is a matter of which those, in general, who are gratified with the piece are unsuspicious. The beautiful in itself is useful, by awakening our finer sensibilities, which it must be our own fault if we do not often carry with us into action.

Vittoria Colonna and Michael-Angelo.

January 21

Vittoria. The human heart is the world of poetry: the imagination is only its atmosphere.

Vittoria Colonna and Michael-Angelo.

January 22

There is a time when the romance of life
Should be shut up, and closed with double clasp:
Better that this be done before the dust
That none can blow away falls into it.

The Last Fruit off an Old Tree.

January 23

Johnson. We are happy by the interchange of kind offices, and even by the expression of good-will. Heat and animosity, contest and conflict, may sharpen the wits, although they rarely do; they never strengthen the understanding, clear the perspicacity, guide the judgement, or improve the heart.

Samuel Johnson and John Horne Tooke.

January 24

Hume. A little watchfulness over ourselves will save us a great deal of watchfulness over others.

David Hume and John Home.

January 25

Hume. You and I, in the course of our conversation, have been at variance, as much as discreet and honest

men ought to be: each knows that the other thinks differently from him, yet each esteems the other. I cannot but smile when I reflect that a few paces, a glass of wine, a cup of tea, conciliate those whom Wisdom would keep asunder.

Home. No wonder you scoff emphatically, as you pronounce the word *Wisdom.*

David Hume and John Home.

January 26

Newton. Is it not a difficult and a painful thing to repulse, or to receive ungraciously, the advances of friendship?

Barrow. It withers the heart, if indeed his heart were ever sound who doth it. Love, serve, run into danger, venture life, for him who would cherish you: give him everything but your time and your glory.

Barrow and Newton.

January 27

Brooke. I know not whether our names will be immortal; I am sure our friendship will. For names sound only upon the surface of the earth, while friendships are the purer and the more ardent the nearer they come to the presence of God, the sun not only of righteousness but of love.

Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney.

January 28

Spenser. Calamities there are around us; calamities there are all over the earth; calamities there are in all seasons: but none in any season, none in any place, like mine.

Essex. So say all fathers, so say all husbands. Look at any old mansion-house, and let the sun shine as gloriously as it may on the golden vanes, or the arms recently quartered over the gateway or the embayed window, and on the happy pair that haply is toying at it: nevertheless, thou mayest say that of a certainty the same fabric hath seen much sorrow within its chambers, and heard many wailings; and each time this was the heaviest stroke of all. Funerals have passed along through the stout-hearted knights upon the wainscot, and amid the laughing nymphs upon the arras. Old servants have shaken their heads as if somebody had deceived them, when they found that beauty and nobility could perish.

Essex and Spenser.

January 29

Shakespeare with majesty benign call'd up
The obedient classicks from their marble seat,
And led them thro' dim glen and sheeny glade,
And over precipices, over seas
Unknown by mariner, to palaces

High-archt, to festival, to dance, to joust,
And gave them golden spur and vizor barred,
And steeds that Pheidias had turn'd pale to see.

The Last Fruit off an Old Tree (Epistle to the author of *Festus*: 'Philip, I know thee not',.

January 30

Landor. After I have been reading the *Paradise Lost*, I can take up no other poet with satisfaction. I seem to have left the music of Handel for the music of the streets, or at best for drums and fifes.

Southey and Landor.

January 31

Landor. A rib of Shakespeare wou'd have made a Milton; the same portion of Milton, all poets born ever since.

Southey and Landor.

February 1

'Call me not forth,' said one who sate retired,
Whom Love had once, but Envy never, fired.
'I scorn the crowd: no clap of hands he seeks
Who walks among the stateliest of the Greeks.'

Heroic Idylls.

February 2

Cicero. I have performed one action; I have composed some few things which posterity, I would fain believe, will not suffer to be quite forgotten. Fame, they tell

you, is air; but without air there is no life for any: without fame there is none for the best.

Marcus Tullius and Quinctus Cicero.

February 3

Porson. There are folks who, when they read my criticism, say, 'I do not think so.' It is because they do not think so, that I write.

Southey and Porson.

February 4

Demosthenes. It is my practice, and ever has been, to walk quite alone. In my walks I collect my arguments, arrange my sentences, and utter them aloud. Eloquence with me can do little else in the city than put on her bracelets, tighten her sandals, and show herself to the people. Her health, and vigour, and beauty, if she has any, are the fruits of the open fields. The slowness or celerity of my steps is now regulated and impelled by the gravity and precision, now by the enthusiasm and agitation, of my mind; and the presence of anyone, however dear and intimate, is a check and impediment to the free agency of these emotions.

Demosthenes and Eubulides.

February 5

Aspasia. Pindar far excels all other poets in disdain of triviality and choice of topics.

Pericles and Aspasia.

February 6

Barrow. Something of the severe has always been appertaining to order and to grace.

Barrow and Newton.

February 7

Aspasia (speaking of Homer). I can more easily believe that his hand constructed the whole, than that twenty men could be found, at nearly the same time, each of genius sufficient for the twentieth part; because in many centuries there arose not a single one capable of such a production as that portion.

Pericles and Aspasia.

February 8

There are sweet flowers that only blow by night,
And sweet tears are there that avoid the light;
No mortal sees them after day is born,
They, like the dew, drop trembling from their thorn.

Heroic Idylls.

February 9

Landor. Ah, Don Pepino! old trees in their living state are the only things that money cannot command. Rivers leave their beds, run into cities, and traverse mountains for it; obelisks and arches, palaces and temples, amphitheatres and pyramids rise up like

exhalations at its bidding; even the free spirit of Man, the only thing great on earth, crouches and cowers in its presence. It passes away and vanishes before venerable trees.

Marchese Pallavicini and Walter Landor.

February 10

Landor. How many fond and how many lively thoughts have been nurtured under this tree! How many kind hearts have beaten here! Its branches are not so numerous as the couples they have invited to sit beside it, nor its blossoms and leaves as the expressions of tenderness it has witnessed. What appeals to the pure all-seeing heavens, what similitudes to the everlasting mountains, what protestations of eternal truth and constancy, from those who now are earth,—they, and their shrouds, and their coffins! The caper and fig-tree have split the monument. Emblems of past loves and future hopes, severed names which the holiest rites united, broken letters of brief happiness, bestrew the road, and speak to the passer-by in vain.

Marchese Pallavicini and Walter Landor.

February 11

Godiva. O my beloved! let everything be a joyance to us: it will, if we will. Sad is the day, and worse must follow, when we hear the blackbird in the garden and do not throb with joy.

Leofric and Godiva.

February 12

Boccaccio. The noble mansion is most distinguished by the beautiful images it retains of beings passed away; and so is the noble mind.

The Pentameron.

February 13

Aspasia. We believe that our affections outlive us, and that Love is not a stranger in Elysium. Humours, the idioms of life, are lost in the transition, or are generalized in the concourse and convergency of innumerable races: passions, the universal speech, are throughout intelligible.

Pericles and Aspasia.

February 14

Cleone. The very beautiful rarely love at all. Those precious images are placed above the reach of the Passions: Time alone is permitted to efface them; Time, the father of the Gods, and even *their* consumer.

Pericles and Aspasia.

February 15

Well I remembered how you smiled
To see me write your name upon
The soft sea-sand. 'O! what a child!
You think you're writing upon stone!'

I have since written what no tide
Shall ever wash away, what men
Unborn shall read o'er ocean wide
And find Ianthe's name again.

Heroic Idylls.

February 16

Petrarca. Happy the man who carries love with him in his opening day! he never loses its freshness in the meridian of life, nor its happier influence in the later hour. If Dante enthroned his Beatrice in the highest heaven, it was Beatrice who conducted him thither.

The Pentameron.

February 17

Ascham. Love is a secondary passion in those who love most; a primary in those who love least. He who is inspired by it in a high degree is inspired by honour in a higher: it never reaches its plenitude of growth and perfection but in the most exalted minds.

Roger Ascham and Lady Jane Grey.

February 18

Aspasia. Where on earth is there so much society as in a beloved child?

Pericles and Aspasia.

February 19

Epicurus. If Truth appeared in daylight among mortals, she would surely resemble Ternissa. Those white and lucid cheeks, that youth which appears more youthful (for unless we are near her we think her yet a child), and that calm open forehead——

Leontion. Malicious girl! she conceals it.

Epicurus. Ingenious girl! the resemblance was, until now, imperfect. We must remove the veil ourselves; for Truth, whatever the poets may tell us, never comes without one, diaphanous or opaque.

Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.

February 20

Peterborough. My dear Penn, you are too speculative; too visionary for this world of matter and realities.

Penn. Friend, that which thou callest matter is indeed such; but that which thou callest reality is not. There is nothing so visionary as what the world esteems real.

William Penn and Lord Peterborough.

February 21

Peterborough. We cannot enlighten men if we shock their prejudices too violently.

Penn. The shock comes first, the light follows.

Peterborough. Most people will run away from both.

Children are afraid of being left in the dark; men are afraid of *not* being left in it.

William Penn and Lord Peterborough.

February 22

Agatha. I know 'twas very wrong in me to listen.

Homer. A pardonable fault: we wish for listeners
Whether we speak or sing, the young and old
Alike are weak in this, unwise and wise,
Cheerful and sorrowful.

Hellenics.

February 23

Epicurus. Two evils of almost equal weight may befall the man of erudition: never to be listened to, and to be listened to always.

Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.

February 24

Boccaccio. We cannot hope for both celebrity and fame: supremely fortunate are the few who are allowed the liberty of choice between them.

The Pentameron.

February 25

Cleone. If we have among us any one capable of devising an imaginary tale, wherein all that is interesting in poetry is united with all that is instructive in history, such an author will not supersede the poets and

historians, but will walk between them, and be cordially hailed by both.

Pericles and Aspasia.

February 26

Barrow. I do not urge you to write in dialogue, although the best writers of every age have done it: the best parts of Homer and Milton are speeches and replies, the best parts of every great historian are the same: the wiser men of Athens and of Rome converse together in this manner, as they are shown to us by Xenophon, by Plato, and by Cicero.

Barrow and Newton.

February 27

Cleone. Study is the bane of boyhood, the aliment of youth, the indulgence of manhood, and the restorative of old age.

Pericles and Aspasia.

February 28

Landor. It has been my fortune and felicity from my earliest days, to have avoided all competitions. My tutor at Oxford could never persuade me to write a piece of Latin poetry for the prize, earnest as he was that his pupil should be a winner at the forthcoming *Encaenia*. Poetry was always my amusement; prose my study and business. I have published five volumes

of *Imaginary Conversations:* cut the worst of them through the middle and there will remain in this decimal fraction quite enough to satisfy my appetite for fame. I shall dine late; but the dining-room will be well lighted, the guests few and select.

Archdeacon Hare and Walter Landor.

February 29

On his own Agamemnon and Iphigeneia.

From eve to morn, from morn to parting night,
Father and daughter stood before my sight.
I felt the looks they gave, the words they said,
And reconducted each serener shade.
Ever shall these to me be well-spent days,
Sweet fell the tears upon them, sweet the praise.
Far from the footstool of the tragic throne,
I am tragedian in this scene alone.

Golden Treasury Selection, p. 344.

March 1

Laertes. We say
We love the Gods: we lie; the seen alone
We love, to those unseen we may be grateful.

Hellenics.

March 2

Aspasia. I wish Pericles, and I too, were somewhat more religious; it is so sweet and graceful.

Pericles and Aspasia.

March 3

Leontion. It is as wise to moderate our belief as our desires.

Epicurus. Some minds require much belief, some thrive on little. Rather an exuberance of it is feminine and beautiful. It acts differently on different hearts; it troubles some, it consoles others: in the generous it is the nurse of tenderness and kindness, of heroism and self-devotion; in the ungenerous it fosters pride, impatience of contradiction and appeal, and, like some waters, what it finds a dry stick or hollow straw, it leaves a stone.

Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.

March 4

Demosthenes. Religion, when it is intended for the uncivilized, must contain certain things marvellous, things quite absurd to the wiser. But I discover no absurdity in making men gentler and kinder; and I would rather worship an onion or a crust of bread, than a god who requires me to immolate an ox or kid to appease him.

Demosthenes and Eubulides.

March 5

Quinctus Cicero. Brother, you talk as if there were a plurality of gods.

Marcus Cicero. I know not and care not how

many there may be of them. Philosophy points to unity; but while we are here, we speak as those do who are around us, and employ in these matters the language of our country.

Marcus Tullius and Quinctus Cicero.

March 6

President Du Paty. If we desire to know with certainty what religion is best, let us examine in what country are the best fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, wives: we shall there also find the best citizens, and of course the best Christians.

Peter Leopold and President Du Paty.

March 7

Physician. Which of you ever has told a man that his principal duty is to love his neighbour?

Bloombury. Who dares lie, in the face of God? We love the Lamb: the rest follows.

Physician. Unless the rest (as you call it) precedes, the Lamb will never be caught by you, whine to him, pipe to him as you may.

Lord Coleraine, Bloombury, and Swan.

March 8

And the long moon-beam on the hard wet sand
Lay like a jasper column half up-rear'd.

Gebir.

March 9

Sidney. While the weather is so temperate and genial, and while I can be out-of-doors, I care not how late I tarry among

Night airs that make tree-shadows walk, and sheep
Washed white in the cold moonshine on grey cliffs.

Our last excess of this nature was nearer the sea, where, when our conversation paused awhile in the stillness of midnight, we heard the distant waves break heavily. Their sound, you remarked, was such as you could imagine the sound of a giant might be, who, coming back from travel into some smooth and level and still and solitary place, with all his armour and all his spoils about him, casts himself slumberously down to rest.

Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney.

March 10

Epicurus. Leontion knows not then how sweet and sacred idleness is.

Leontion. To render it sweet and sacred, the heart must have a little garden of its own, with its umbrage and fountains and perennial flowers,—a careless company! Sleep is called sacred as well as sweet by Homer; and idleness is but a step from it. The idleness of the wise and virtuous should be both, it being the repose and refreshment necessary for past exertions and for

future; it punishes the bad man, it rewards the good: the deities enjoy it, and Epicurus praises it.

Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.

March 11

Epicurus. I assemble and arrange my thoughts with freedom and with pleasure in the fresh air, under the open sky; and they are more lively and vigorous and exuberant when I catch them as I walk about, and commune with them in silence and seclusion.

Leontion. It always has appeared to me that conversation brings them forth more readily and plenteously; and that the ideas of one person no sooner come out than another's follow them, whether from the same side or from the opposite.

Epicurus. They do; but these are not the thoughts we keep for seed: they come up weak by coming up close together.

Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.

March 12

Quinctus Cicero. Look at any long avenue of trees by which the traveller on our principal highways is protected from the sun. Those at the beginning are wide apart; but those at the end almost meet. Thus happens it frequently in opinions. Men, who were far asunder, come nearer and nearer in the course of life,

if they have strength enough to quell, or good sense enough to temper and assuage, their earlier animosities.

Marcus Tullius and Quinctus Cicero.

March 13

Rousseau. My mind has certain moments of repose, or rather of oscillation, which I would not for the world disturb. Music, eloquence, friendship, bring and prolong them.

Malesherbes. Enjoy them, my dear friend, and convert them if possible to months and years. It is as much at your arbitration on what theme you shall meditate as in what meadow you shall botanize; and you have as much at your option the choice of your thoughts as of the keys in your harpsichord.

Rousseau. If this were true, who could be unhappy?

Malesherbes. Those of whom it is not true. Those who from want of practice cannot manage their thoughts, who have few to select from, and who, because of their sloth or of their weakness, do not roll away the heaviest from before them.

Rousseau and Malesherbes

March 14

Epicurus. Disagreeable things, like disagreeable men, are never to be spoken of when they are present.

Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.

March 15

And now the chariot of the Sun descends,
The waves rush hurried from his foaming steeds,
Smoke issues from their nostrils at the gate,
Which, when they enter, with huge golden bar
Atlas and Calpe close across the sea.

Gebir.

March 16

Landor. What I write is not written on slate; and no finger, not of Time himself, who dips it in the clouds of years, can efface it.

Landor, English Visitor, and Florentine.

March 17

Landor. Is there a man in the world wise enough to know whether he himself is witty or not?

Southey and Landor.

March 18

Alfieri. Wit vibrates and spurts; humour springs up exuberantly, as from a fountain, and runs on. In Congreve you wonder what he will say next: in Addison you repose on what is said, listening with assured expectation of something congenial and pertinent.

Alfieri and Salomon.

March 19

Boccaccio. We do not want strange events, so much as those by which we are admitted into the recesses, or carried on amid the operations, of the human mind. We are stimulated by its activity, but we are greatly more pleased at surveying it leisurely in its quiescent state, uncovered and unsuspicious. Few, however, are capable of describing, or even of remarking it; while strange and unexpected contingencies are the commonest pedlary of the markets, and the joint patrimony of the tapsters.

Chaucer, Boccaccio, and Petrarca.

March 20

Landor. Catullus and Horace will be read as long as Homer and Virgil, and more often and by more readers.

The Abbé Delille and Walter Landor.

March 21

Landor. My prejudices in favour of ancient literature began to wear away on *Paradise Lost*; and even the great hexameter sounded to me tinkling when I had recited aloud in my solitary walks on the sea-shore the haughty appeal of Satan and the deep penitence of Eve.

The Abbé Delille and Walter Landor.

March 22

But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace-porch, where when unyoked
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:
Shake one and it awakens, then apply
Its polisht lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

Gebir.

March 23

Petrarca. A poet often does more and better than he is aware at the time, and seems at last to know as little about it as a silkworm about the fineness of her thread.

The Pentameron.

March 24

Porson (speaking of Chaucer). Among the English poets, both on this side and the other side of Milton, I place him next to Shakespeare; but the word *next* must have nothing to do with the word *near*.

Southey and Porson.

March 25

Porson (of Spenser). There is scarcely a poet of the same eminence, whom I have found so delightful to read in, or so tedious to read through.

Southey and Porson.

March 26

Porson. I hate both poetry and wine without body. Look at Shakespeare, Bacon, and Milton; were these your pure imagination men?

Southey and Porson.

March 27

Southey. There is as great a difference between Shakespeare and Bacon as between an American forest and a London timber-yard. In the timber-yard, the materials are sawed and squared and set across: in the forest, we have the natural form of the tree, all its growth, all its branches, all its leaves, all the mosses that grow about it, all the birds and insects that inhabit it; now deep shadows absorbing the whole wilderness; now bright bursting glades, with exuberant grass and flowers and fruitage; now untroubled skies; now terrific thunderstorms; everywhere multiformity, everywhere immensity.

Southey and Porson.

March 28

Milton. The writings of the wise are the only riches our posterity cannot squander.

Milton and Andrew Marvel.

March 29

Most have an eye for colour, few for form.

The Last Fruit off an Old Tree.

March 30

Tooke. The two most perfect writers (I speak of style) are Demosthenes and Pascal; but all their writings put together are not worth a third of what remains to us of Cicero; nor can it be expected that the world should produce another (for the causes of true eloquence are extinct) who shall write at the same time so correctly, so delightfully, and so wisely.

Samuel Johnson and John Horne Tooke.

March 31

Landor. I hate false words, and seek with care, difficulty, and moroseness, those that fit the thing.

Note to Bishop Burnet and Humphrey Hardcastle.

April 1

God scatters beauty as he scatters flowers
O'er the wide earth, and tells us all are ours.
A hundred lights in every temple burn,
And at each shrine I bend my knee in turn.

The Last Fruit off an Old Tree.

April 2

Melanchthon. Doubtful as I am of lighter texts, blown backward and forward at the opening of opposite windows, I am convinced and certain of one grand immovable verity. It sounds strange; it sounds contradictory.

Calvin. I am curious to hear it.

Melanchthon. You shall. This is the tenet. There is nothing on earth divine beside humanity.

Melanchthon and Calvin.

April 3

Hume. It would be presumptuous in me to quote the Bible to you, who are so much more conversant in it; yet I cannot refrain from repeating for my own satisfaction the beautiful sentence on holiness: that 'all her ways are pleasantness and all her paths are peace'. It says not one or two paths, but *all.*

David Hume and John Home.

April 4

Lucian. The highest things are the purest and brightest; and the best writers are those who render them the most intelligible to the world below.

Lucian and Timotheus.

April 5

Magliabecchi. It is better to wrap up religion in a wafer, and swallow it quietly and contentedly, than to extract from it all its bitterness, make wry faces over it, and quarrel with those who decline the delicacy and doubt the utility of the preparation.

Middleton and Magliabecchi.

April 6

Magliabecchi. Be convinced, Mr. Middleton, that you never will supplant the received ideas of God; be no less convinced that the sum of your labours in this field will be to leave the ground loose beneath you, and that he who comes after you will sink. In sickness, in our last particularly, we all are poor wretches; we are nearly all laid on a level by it: the dry rot of the mind supervenes, and loosens whatever was fixed in it, except religion. Would you be so inhuman as to tell a friend in this condition not to be comforted? Would you prove to him that the crucifix, which his wandering eye finds at last its resting-place, is of the same material as his bedpost? Suppose a belief in the efficacy of prayer to be a belief altogether irrational—you may: I never can,—suppose it to be insanity itself, would you, meeting a young man who had wandered over many countries in search of his father until his intellects are deranged, and who in the fulness of his heart addresses an utter stranger as the lost parent, clings to him, kisses him, sobs upon his breast, and finds comfort only by repeating *father! father!* would you, Mr. Middleton, say to this affectionate fond creature, *Go home, sit quiet, be silent!* and persuade him that his father is lost to him?

Middleton. God forbid!

Magliabecchi. You have done it: do it no more. The madman has not heard you; and the father will pardon you when you meet.

Middleton and Magliabecchi.

April 7

Alfieri. A poet can never be an atheist.

Alfieri and Salomon.

April 8

Hamadryad. I have no flock: I kill
Nothing that breathes, that stirs, that feels the air,
The sun, the dew. Why should the beautiful
(And thou art beautiful) disturb the source
Whence springs all beauty?

Hellenics.

April 9

Dante. It is pleasant to gaze on green meadows and gentle declivities; but the soul, O my Gemma, that men look up to with wonder, is suspended on rocks, and exposed to be riven by lightning. The eagle neither builds his nest nor pursues his quarry in the marsh.

Gemma. Should my Dante, then, in the piazza?

Dante and Gemma Donati.

April 10

Landor. Among all men elevated in station who have made a noise in the world (admirable old expression!), I never saw any in whose presence I felt inferiority, except Kosciusco.

Southey and Landor.

April 11

Barrow. No very great man ever reached the standard of his greatness in the crowd of his contemporaries. This hath always been reserved for the secondary.

Barrow and Newton.

April 12

Florentine. Bonaparte had perhaps the fewest virtues, and the faintest semblance of them, of any man who has risen by his own efforts to supreme power: and yet the services he rendered to society, incommensurate as they were with the prodigious means he possessed, were great, manifold, and extensive.

Landor, English Visitor, and Florentine.

April 13

Penn. Consciousness of superiority, kept at home and quiet, is the nurse of innocent meditations and of sound content.

Canst not thou feel and exhibit the same superiority at any distance?

Peterborough. I cannot make *them* feel it nor see it. What is it to be anything, unless we enjoy the faculty of impressing our image at full length on the breast of others, and strongly too and deeply and (when we wish it) painfully?

William Penn and Lord Peterborough.

April 14

Petrarca. Nothing is so immoral or pernicious as to keep up the illusion of greatness in wicked men. Their crimes, because they have fallen into the gulf of them, we call misfortunes; and, amid ten thousand mourners, grieve only for him who made them so. Is this reason? Is this humanity?

Boccaccio. Alas! it is man.

The Pentameron.

April 15

Rhaicos went daily; but the nymph as oft
Invisible. To play at love, she knew,
Stopping its breathings when it breathes most soft,
Is sweeter than to play on any pipe.

Hellenics.

April 16

Aspasia. Love always makes us better, Religion sometimes, Power never.

Pericles and Aspasia.

April 17

Aristoteles. Plato would make wives common, to abolish selfishness,—the mischief which above others it would directly and immediately bring forth. There is no selfishness where there is a wife and family: the

house is lighted up by the mutual charities: everything achieved for them is a victory, everything endured for them is a triumph. How many vices are suppressed, that there may be no bad example! how many exertions made, to recommend and inculcate a good one!

Aristoteles and Callisthenes.

April 18

Epicurus (reading *Peleus and Thetis*). 'Goddess! To me, to thy Peleus, oh how far more than goddess! Why then this sudden silence? why these tears? The last we shed were when the Fates divided us, saying the Earth was not thine, and the brother of Zeus, he the ruler of the waters, had called thee. Those that fall between the beloved at parting are bitter, and ought to be: woe to him who wishes they were not! but those that flow again at the returning light of the blessed feet should be refreshing and divine as morn.'

Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.

April 19

Achilles. He sang to me over the lyre the lives of Narcissus and Hyacinthus, brought back by the beautiful Hours, of silent unwearied feet, regular as the stars in their courses. Many of the trees and bright-eyed flowers once lived and moved and spoke as we are speaking.

They may yet have memories, although they have cares no longer.

Helena. Ah! then they have no memories; and they see their own beauty only.

Achilles and Helena.

April 20

Aesop. Laodameia died; Helen died; Leda, the beloved of Jupiter, went before. It is better to repose in the earth betimes than to sit up late; better, than to cling pertinaciously to what we feel crumbling under us, and to protract an inevitable fall. We may enjoy the present while we are insensible of infirmity and decay: but the present, like a note in music, is nothing but as it appertains to what is past and what is to come. There are no fields of amaranth on this side of the grave; there are no voices, O Rhodope, that are not soon mute, however tuneful; there is no name, with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, of which the echo is not faint at last.

Aesop and Rhodope.

April 21

Pericles. Welcome, then, welcome, my last hour! After enjoying for so great a number of years, in my public and my private life, what I believe has never been the lot of any other, I now extend my hand

to the urn, and take without reluctance or hesitation what is the lot of all.

Pericles and Aspasia.

April 22

Sisabert. When love
Scatters its brilliant foam and passes on
To some fresh object in its natural course,
Widely and openly and wanderingly,
'Tis better: narrow it, and it pours its gloom
In one fierce cataract that stuns the soul.

Count Julian.

April 23

Filippo Lippi. Alas! when we most love the absent, when we most desire to see her, we try in vain to bring her image back to us. The troubled heart shakes and confounds it, even as ruffled waters do with shadows. Hateful things are more hateful when they haunt our sleep: the lovely flee away, or are changed into less lovely.

Filippo Lippi and Pope Eugenius IV.

April 24

Leonora. We women want sometimes to hear what we know; we die unless we hear what we doubt.

Leonora di Este and Panigarola.

April 25

Epicurus. There are two things which, beyond all others, both experienced and inexperienced should alike be slow to recommend.

Metrodorus. Have you stated them in any of your writings?

Epicurus. I have often reflected, but never have written, upon them. The two things are medicine and matrimony.

Epicurus and Metrodorus.

April 26

Epicurus. Communicate your happiness freely; confine your discontent within your own bosom. There chastise it; be sure it deserves its chastisement.

Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.

April 27

Leontion. We may expose what is violent or false in any one; and chiefly in any one who injures us or our friends.

Epicurus. We may.

Leontion. How then?

Epicurus. By exhibiting in ourselves the contrary.

Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.

April 28

Epicurus. We fancy we suffer from ingratitude, while in reality we suffer from self-love.

Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.

April 29

Opas. Wretched are those a woman has forgiven :
With her forgiveness ne'er hath love returned.

Count Julian.

April 30

Marvel. But who, whether among the graver or less grave, is just to woman ?

Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.

May 1

We are what suns and winds and waters make us ;
The mountains are our sponsors, and the rills
Fashion and win their nurslings with their smiles.

Regeneration.

May 2

Sidney. Goodness does not more certainly make men happy than happiness makes them good.

Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney.

May 3

Shakespeare. After a walk in Midsummer, the immersion of our hands into the cool and closing grass is surely not the least among our animal delights.

Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare.

May 4

Timotheus. Epicurus, I fear, is quite as lamentable. What horrible doctrines!

Lucian. Enjoy, said he, the pleasant walks where you are; repose and eat gratefully the fruit that falls into your bosom; do not weary your feet with an excursion, at the end whereof you will find no resting-place; reject not the odour of roses for the fumes of pitch and sulphur. What horrible doctrines!

Lucian and Timotheus.

May 5

It was really the *Lord's Day*, for he made his creatures happy in it, and their hearts were thankful.

The Pentameron.

May 6

Filippo Lippi. While I continued in that country, although I was well treated, I often wished myself away, thinking of my friends in Florence,—of music, of painting, of our villegiatura at the vintage-time; whether in the green and narrow glades of Pratolino, with lofty trees above us, and little rills unseen, and little bells

about the necks of sheep and goats, tinkling together ambiguously; or amid the gray quarries or under the majestic walls of ancient Fiesole; or down in the woods of the Doccia, where the cypresses are of such girth that, when a youth stands against one of them, and a maiden stands opposite, and they clasp it, their hands at the time do little more than meet. Beautiful scenes on which Heaven smiles eternally, how often has my heart ached for you! He who hath lived in this country can enjoy no distant one. He breathes here another air; he lives more life; a brighter sun invigorates his studies, and serener stars influence his repose.

Filippo Lippi and Pope Eugenius IV.

May 7

Brooke. What a hum of satisfaction in God's creatures! How is it, Sidney, the smallest do seem the happiest?

Sidney. Compensation for their weaknesses and their fears; compensation for the shortness of their existence. Their spirits mount upon the sunbeam above the eagle; and they have more enjoyment in their one summer than the elephant in his century.

Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney.

May 8

Opas. Low must be those whom mortal can sink lower,
Nor high are they whom human power may raise.

Count Julian.

May 9

Shakespeare (quoting a preacher whom he liked). 'I did expect to see the day, and although I shall not see it, it must come at last, when he shall be treated as a madman or an impostor who dares to claim nobility or precedency and cannot shew his family name in the history of his country.'

Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare.

May 10

Lacy. Do not imagine I would discredit or depreciate the House of Peers. Never will another land contain one composed of characters in general more honourable; more distinguished for knowledge, for charity, for generosity, for equity; more perfect in all the duties of men and citizens.

General Lacy and Cura Merino.

May 11

Landor to Lord Normanby. You by the favour of a Minister are Marquis of Normanby; I by the grace of God am Walter Savage Landor.

From a letter.

May 12

Barrow. Rise, but let no man lift you: leave that to the little and to the weak.

Barrow and Newton.

May 13

Peterborough. No fighting man was ever at once so great and so good a man as Blake.

William Penn and Lord Peterborough.

May 14

Brooke. God sometimes sends a famine, sometimes a pestilence, and sometimes a hero, for the chastisement of mankind: none of them surely for our admiration.

Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney.

May 15

For earth contains no nation where abounds
The generous horse and not the warlike man.

Gebir.

May 16

Xenophon. Whatever nation supposes that peace is the greatest of blessings will enjoy none; and peace itself will remain with it more uncertainly and precariously than any.

Alcibiades and Xenophon.

May 17

Cleone. I believe the Greeks are the happiest people upon earth, or that ever are likely to exist upon it; and chiefly from their separation into small communities,

independent governments, and laws made by the people for the people! But unless they come to the determination that no war whatever shall be undertaken until the causes of quarrel are examined, and the conditions of accommodation are proposed by others, from whom impartiality is most reasonably to be expected, they will exist without enjoying the greatest advantage that the Gods have offered them. Religious men, I foresee, will be sorry to displease the God of battles. Let him have all the kingdoms of the world to himself, but I wish he would resign to the quieter Deities our little Greece.

Pericles and Aspasia.

May 18

Middleton. I would rather be condemned for believing that to kill an ibis is a sin, than for thinking that to kill a man is not. Yet the former opinion is ridiculed by all modern nations, while the murder of men by thousands is no crime, providing they be flourishing and happy, or will probably soon become so.

Middleton and Magliabecchi.

May 19

Penn. We have a God who is called the Prince of Peace; but we seem disposed to keep him in a long minority; and we are turning our eyes more fondly on another, whom we denominate the 'Lord of Hosts'.

William Penn and Lord Peterborough.

May 20

Shakespeare (quoting from a sermon he had liked). 'Should ye at any time overtake the erring, and resolve to deliver him up, I will tell you whither to conduct him. Conduct him to his Lord and Master, whose household he has left. It is better to consign him to Christ his Saviour than to man his murderer; it is better to bid him live than to bid him die. The one word our Teacher and Preserver said, the other our enemy and destroyer. Bring him back again, the stray, the lost one! bring him back, not with clubs and cudgels, not with halberts and halters, but generously and gently, and with the linking of the arm. In this posture shall God above smile upon ye; in this posture of yours he shall recognize again his beloved Son upon earth. Do ye likewise, and depart in peace.'

Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare.

May 21

Calvin. If you treat idolators thus lightly, what hope can I entertain of discussing with you the doctrine of grace and predestination?

Melanchthon. Entertain no such hope at all. Wherever I find in the Holy Scriptures a disputable doctrine, I interpret it as judges do, in favour of the culprit; such is man.

Melanchthon and Calvin.

May 22

The heart is hardest in the softest climes,
The passions flourish, the affections die.
O thou vast tablet of these awful truths,
That fillest all the space between the seas,
Spreading from Venice's deserted courts
To the Tarentine and Hydruntine mole,
What lifts thee up? what shakes thee? 'tis the breath
Of God. Awake, ye nations! spring to life!
Let the last work of his right hand appear
Fresh with his image, Man.

Regeneration.

May 23

Peterborough. North America may one day be very rich and powerful; she cannot be otherwise: but she never will gratify the imagination as Europe does.

William Penn and Lord Peterborough.

May 24

Machiavelli. Democracies may be longer-lived, although they have enemies in most of the rich, in more of the timorous, and nearly in all the wise.

Machiavelli and Michael-Angelo.

May 25

Peterborough. We should imagine, if we did not much reflect on the subject, that equality is a very natural

sentiment; yet there is none to which nearly the universality of mankind is constantly so averse.

William Penn and Lord Peterborough.

May 26

Penn. If all men and women would labour six hours in the twenty-four, some mentally some corporeally, setting apart one day in the seven, all the work would be completed that is requisite for our innocent and rational desires. Dost thou believe that God beholds with pleasure any poor wretch working three-fourths of his whole lifetime, reckoned from childhood?

William Penn and Lord Peterborough.

May 27

Romilly. Inflict on men the labour and privations of brutes, and you impress on them the brutal character; render them rationally happy, and they are already on the highway to heaven. No man rationally happy will barter the possession he enjoys for the most brilliant theory; but the unhappy will dream of daggers until he clutches them.

Romilly and Wilberforce.

May 28

Peterborough. Interests, falsely calculated, would keep men and classes separate, if amusements and recreations did not insensibly bring them close. If conviviality

(which by your leave I call a virtue) is promoted by fox-hunting, I will drink to its success, whatever word in the formulary may follow or go before it. Nations have fallen by wanting, not unanimity in the hour of danger, so much as union in the hours preceding it.

William Penn and Lord Peterborough.

May 29

Julian. I thank thee for that better thought than fame,
Which none however, who deserve, despise,
Nor lose from view till all things else are lost.

Count Julian.

May 30

Marvel. I look to a person of very old family as I do to anything else that is very old; and I thank him for bringing to me a page of romance which probably he himself never knew or heard about.

Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.

May 31

Peterborough. Baronets are prouder than anything we see on this side of the Dardanelles, excepting the proctors of universities and the vergers of cathedrals; and their pride is kept in eternal agitation, both from what is above them and from what is below.

William Penn and Lord Peterborough.

June 1

Ah what avails the sceptred race,
Ah what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

Poems and Epigrams.

June 2

Southey. Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem so deep as they are: the turbid look the most profound.

Southey and Porson.

June 3

Southey. Harmonious words render ordinary ideas acceptable; less ordinary, pleasant; novel and ingenious ones, delightful.

Southey and Porson.

June 4

Marvel. Comprehending at once the prose and poetry of Milton, we could prove, before 'fit audience', that he is incomparably the greatest master of harmony that ever lived.

Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.

June 5

Phocion. Defective, however, and faulty must be the composition in prose, which you and I with our utmost study and attention cannot understand. In poetry it is not exactly so; the greater share of it must be intelligible to the multitude; but in the best there is often an undersong of sense, which none besides the poetical mind, or one deeply versed in its mysteries, can comprehend.

Aeschines and Phocion.

June 6

Landor. I do not complain that in oratory and history his diction is somewhat poetical.

Southey. Little do I approve of it in prose on any subject. Demosthenes and Aeschines, Lysias and Isaeus, and finally Cicero, avoided it.

Landor. They did: but Chatham and Burke and Grattan did not; nor indeed the graver and greater Pericles, of whom the most memorable sentence on record is pure poetry. On the fall of the young Athenians in the field of battle, he said, 'The year hath lost its spring.'

Southey and Landor.

June 7

Normanby. The wisest differ on poetry, the knowledge of which, like other most important truths, seems to be reserved for a purer state of sensation and existence.

Richelieu, Cotes, Glengrin, and Normanby.

June 8

Child of a day, thou knowest not
The tears that overflow thine urn,
The gushing eyes that read thy lot,
Nor if thou knewest, couldst return!
And why the wish! the pure and blest
Watch like thy mother o'er thy sleep.
O peaceful night! O envied rest!
Thou wilt not ever see her weep.

Poems and Epigrams.

June 9

Ternissa. You are many years in advance of us, and may leave us both behind.

Epicurus. Let not the fault be yours.

Leontion. How can it?

Epicurus. The heart, O Leontion, reflects a fuller and a fairer image of us than the eye can.

Ternissa. True, true, true!

Leontion. Yes; the heart recomposes the dust within the sepulchre, and evokes it; the eye, too, even when it has lost its brightness, loses not the power of reproducing the object it delighted in. It sees, amid the shades of night, like the gods.

Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.

June 10

Epicurus. Do we think, as we may do on such a morning as this, that the air awakens the leaves around

us only to fade and perish? Do we, what is certain, think that every note of music we have heard, every voice that ever breathed into our bosoms and played upon its instrument, the heart, only wafted us on a little nearer to the tomb? Let the idea not sadden but compose us. Let us yield to it, just as season yields to season, hour to hour; and with a bright serenity, such as Evening is invested with by the departing Sun.

Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.

June 11

Sidney. There is a greater difference, both in the stages of life and in the seasons of the year, than in the conditions of men: yet the healthy pass through the seasons, from the clement to the inclement, not only unreluctantly but rejoicingly, knowing that the worst will soon finish, and the best begin anew; and we are desirous of pushing forward into every stage of life, excepting that alone which ought reasonably to allure us most, as opening to us the *Via Sacra*, along which we move in triumph to our eternal country.

Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney.

June 12

Ternissa. Oh, what a thing is age!

Leontion. Death without death's quiet.

Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.

June 13

Vittoria. Before we go into another state of existence, a thousand things occur to detach us imperceptibly from this. To some (who knows to how many?) the images of early love return with an inviting yet a saddening glance, and the breast that was laid out for the sepulchre bleeds afresh. Such are ready to follow where they are beckoned, and look keenly into the darkness they are about to penetrate.

Vittoria Colonna and Michael-Angelo.

June 14

Francesco Madiai. To the constant and resigned there is always an Angel that opens the prison-door: we wrong him when we call him Death.

Archbishop of Florence and Francesco Madiai.

June 15

Roderigo. Is there any in our world
So near us as those sources of all joy,
Those on whose bosom every gale of life
Blows softly, who reflect our images
In loveliness through sorrows and through age,
And bear them onward far beyond the grave?

Count Julian.

June 16

Boccaccio. What is there lovely in poetry unless there be moderation and composure? Are they not better

than the hot, uncontrollable harlotry of a flaunting, dishevelled enthusiasm?

The Pentameron.

June 17

Vittoria. The difference between poetry and all other arts, all other kinds of composition, is this: in them utility comes before delight; in this, delight comes before utility.

Vittoria Colonna and Michael-Angelo.

June 18

Landor (speaking of Shelley). He possesses less vigour than Byron, and less command of language than Keats; but I would rather have written his

'Music, when soft voices die',

than all that Beaumont and Fletcher ever wrote, together with all of their contemporaries, excepting Shakespeare.

Southey and Landor.

June 19

Landor. It is impossible not to apply to Milton himself the words he has attributed to Eve:

'From thee
How shall I part? and whither wander down
Into a lower world?'

My ear, I confess it, is dissatisfied with everything, for days and weeks, after the harmony of *Paradise Lost*. Leaving this magnificent temple, I am hardly to be pacified by the fairy-built chambers, the rich cupboards of embossed plate, and the omnigenous images of Shakespeare.

Southey and Landor.

June 20

Landor (to Shakespeare). Glory to thee in the highest, thou confidant of our Creator! who alone hast taught us in every particle of the mind how wonderfully and fearfully we are made.

The Abbé Delille and Walter Landor.

June 21

Shakespeare (quoting a divine whom he liked). The higher beauties of poetry are beyond the capacity, beyond the vision of almost all.'

Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare.

June 22

Julian. The secluded scenes where Ebro springs
And drives not from his fount the fallen leaf,
So motionless and tranquil its repose.

Count Julian.

June 23

Walter Landor. Every year there is more good poetry written now, in this our country, than was written between the *Metamorphoses* and the *Divina Commedia.*

Archdeacon Hare and Walter Landor.

June 24

Landor. In the *Aeneid* there is nothing so epic as the contest of Ulysses and Ajax in the *Metamorphoses.* This, in my opinion, is the most wonderful thing in the whole range of Latin poetry.

The Abbé Delille and Walter Landor.

June 25

Petrarca (of Dante). As the minutest sands are the labours of some profound sea, or the spoils of some vast mountain, in like manner his horrid wastes and wearying minutenesses are the chafings of a turbulent spirit, grasping the loftiest things and penetrating the deepest, and moving and moaning on the earth in loneliness and sadness.

The Pentameron.

June 26

Walter Landor. Vigorous thought, elevated sentiment, just expression, development of character, power to bring man out from the secret haunts of his soul, and to place him in strong outline against the sky, belong to Imagination. Fancy is thought to dwell among the Fairies and

their congeners; and they frequently lead the weak and ductile poet far astray. He is fond of playing at little-go among them; and when he grows bolder, he acts among the Witches and other such creatures; but his hankering after the Fairies still continues. Their tiny rings, in which the intelligent see only the growth of funguses, are no arena for action and passion. It was not in these circles that Homer and Aeschylus and Dante strove.

Archdeacon Hare and Walter Landor.

June 27

Delille. Milton is indeed extremely difficult to translate; for, however noble and majestic, he is sometimes heavy, and often rough and unequal.

Landor. Dear Abbé! porphyry is heavy, gold is heavier; Ossa and Olympus are rough and unequal; the steppes of Tartary, though high, are of uniform elevation: there is not a rock, nor a birch, nor a cytisus, nor an arbutus upon them great enough to shelter a new-dropped lamb. Level the Alps one with another, and where is their sublimity? Raise up the vale of Tempe to the downs above, and where are those sylvan creeks and harbours in which the imagination watches while the soul reposes; those recesses in which the gods partook the weaknesses of mortals, and mortals the enjoyments of the gods?

The Abbé Delille and Walter Landor.

June 28

Porson. That is the best poetry which, by its own powers, produces the greatest and most durable emotion on generous, well-informed, and elevated minds.

Southey and Porson.

June 29

The classical like the heroick age
Is past; but Poetry may reassume
That glorious name with Tartar and with Turk,
With Goth or Arab, Sheik or Paladin,
And not with Roman and with Greek alone.
The name is graven on the workmanship.
The trumpet-blast of Marmion never shook
The God-built walls of Ilion; yet what shout
Of the Achaians swells the heart so high?

The Last Fruit off an Old Tree (Epistle to the author of *Festus*: 'Philip, I know thee not'.

June 30

Landor. When it was a matter of wonder how Keats, who was ignorant of Greek, could have written his *Hyperion*, Shelley, whom envy never touched, gave as a reason, 'Because he *was* a Greek.'

Southey and Landor.

July 1

Hernando.

Often we hardly think ourselves the happy
Unless we hear it said by those around.

Count Julian.

July 2

Pericles. The wise and the happy are two distinct classes of men.

Pericles and Aspasia.

July 3

Aspasia. The words *wealth* and *gold* occur too often in the poetry of Pindar.

Pericles and Aspasia.

July 4

Marvel. In him who has been raised above his old companions, there seldom remains more warmth than what turns everything about it vapid: familiarity sidles towards affability, and kindness courtesies into condescension.

Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.

July 5

Boccaccio. If we could find a man exempt by nature from vices and infirmities, we should find one not worth knowing: he would also be void of tenderness and compassion.

Boccaccio and Petrarca.

July 6

Epicurus. Man is a hater of truth, a lover of fiction.

Leontion. How then happens it that children, when you have related to them any story which has greatly interested them, ask immediately and impatiently, 'Is it true?'

Epicurus. Children are not men nor women; they are almost as different creatures, in many respects, as if they never were to be the one or the other: they are as unlike as buds are unlike flowers, and almost as blossoms are unlike fruit.

Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.

July 7

Malesherbes (to Rousseau). I never was more flattered or honoured than by your patience in listening to me. Consider me as an old woman who sits by the bedside in your infirmity, who brings you no savoury viand, no exotic fruit, but a basin of whey or a basket of strawberries from your native hills; assures you that what oppressed you was a dream, occasioned by the wrong position in which you lay; opens the window, gives you fresh air, and entreats you to recollect the features of Nature, and to observe (which no man ever did so accurately) their beauty.

Rousseau and Malesherbes.

July 8

Sweet scents
Are the swift vehicles of still sweeter thoughts,
And nurse and pillow the dull memory
That would let drop without them her best stores.
They bring me tales of youth and tones of love.
And 'tis and ever was my wish and way
To let all flowers live freely, and all die
(Whene'er their Genius bids their souls depart)
Among their kindred in their native place.
I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
And not reproacht me; the ever-sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath between my hands
Felt safe, unsoil'd, nor lost one grain of gold.

Poems and Epigrams.

July 9

Landor. I have written things which others have written before, not indeed in the same words precisely, and therefore not affecting the reader in the same manner; and these things I should certainly have conceived, whether they had or had not. It is quite impossible that any two men, of intellect and imagination, should reason long on the same subject and never encounter any similar thought, any similar image.

Landor, English Visitor, and Florentine.

July 10

Epicurus. Paradox is dear to most people; it bears the appearance of originality, but is usually the talent of the superficial, the perverse, and the obstinate.

Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.

July 11

Alfieri. At first it may seem a paradox, but it is perfectly true, that the gravest nations have been the wittiest: and in those nations some of the gravest men. In England Swift and Addison, in Spain Cervantes. Rabelais and La Fontaine are recorded by their countrymen to have been *rêveurs*. Few men have been graver than Pascal; few have been wittier.

Alfieri and Salomon.

July 12

Landor. No people but the English can endure a long continuation of gravity and sadness: none pay the same respect to the dead.

Landor, English Visitor, and Florentine.

July 13

Landor. My children were playing on the truly English turf before the Campo Santo in Pisa, when he to whom is committed the business of carrying off the

dead, and whose house is in one corner, walked up to them and bade them come along with him, telling them he would show them two more such pretty little ones. He opened the doors of a cart-house, in which were two covered carts: the larger contained (I hear) several dead bodies, stark-naked; in the smaller were two infants, with not even a flower shed over them. They had died in the foundling hospital the night before. Such was their posture they appeared to hide their faces one from the other in play. As my children had not been playing with them this appearance struck neither; but the elder said, 'Teresa, who shut up these mimmi? I will tell papa. Why do they not come out and play till bed-time?'

The 'mimmi' *had* been out, poor little souls! and *had* played—till bed-time!

Landor, English Visitor, and Florentine.

July 14

Landor. Our English burial service is the most impressive thing to be found in any religion, old or recent: it is framed on the character of the people, and preserves it. I have seen every other part of clerical duty neglected or traversed; but I never saw a clergyman who failed in this, when he consigned his parishioner to the grave.

Landor, English Visitor, and Florentine.

July 15

Consul. Thou art grown thoughtful suddenly, and prudent.

Erminia. Do not such things require both thought and prudence?

Consul. In most they come but slowly; and this ground
Is that where we most stumble on. The wise
Espouse the foolish; and the fool bears off
From the top branch the guerdon of the wise:
Aye, the clear-sighted (in all other things)
Cast down their eyes and follow their own will,
Taking the hand of idiots. They well know
They shall repent, but find the road so pleasant
That leads into repentance.

The Siege of Ancona.

July 16

Brooke. When a woman hath ceased to be quite the same to us, it matters little how different she becomes.

Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney.

July 17

Epicurus. No friendship is so cordial or so delicious as that of girl for girl; no hatred so intense and immovable as that of woman for woman.

Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.

July 18

Penn. It is less easy in youth to extinguish vices than to convert them into virtues.

William Penn and Lord Peterborough.

July 19

Lucian. Without the ebb and flow of our passions, but guided and moderated by a beneficent light above, the ocean of life would stagnate; and zeal, devotion, eloquence, would become dead carcases, collapsing and wasting on unprofitable sands.

Lucian and Timotheus.

July 20

Milton. There is a tenderness which elevates the genius: there is also a tenderness which corrupts the heart. The latter, like every impurity, is easy to communicate; the former is difficult to conceive. Strong minds alone possess it; virtuous minds alone value it.

Milton and Andrew Marvel.

July 21

Peterborough. Some people are unhappy unless they can display their superiority; others are satisfied with a consciousness of it. The latter are incontestably the better; the former are infinitely the more numerous,

and, I will venture to say, the more useful: their vanity, call it nothing else, sets in motion all the activity of less men, and nearly all of greater.

William Penn and Lord Peterborough.

July 22

Julian. But he alone who made me what I am
Can make me greater or can make me less.

Count Julian.

July 23

Marvel. The great, as we usually call the fortunate, are only what Solomon says about them—'the highest part of the dust of the world'; and this highest part is the lightest.

Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.

July 24

Odysseus. Few covet the glory, eminent as it is, of being the first to acknowledge in any one true greatness.

Odysseus, Tersitza, Acrive, and Trelawny.

July 25

Marvel. Usually men, in distributing fame, do as old maids and misers do: they give everything to those who want nothing.

Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.

July 26

Alfieri. Cowper is worthy of his succession to Goldsmith; more animated, more energetic, more diversified. Sometimes he is playful, oftener serious; and you go with him in either path with equal satisfaction. Sometimes he turns short round, and reproves with dignified and authoritative austerity. This is not his nature, but his office, his duty, his *call*, as he would term it. There is a gentleness, a suavity about him, more Italian than English. The milk of Eve was not blander to her first-born.

Alfieri and Metastasio.

July 27

Metastasio. Novels are the chief literature of the present age.

Alfieri. I do not regret it: they are the least tiresome kind of epic.

Alfieri and Metastasio.

July 28

Petrarca. Dante (we must whisper it) is the great master of the disgusting.

The Pentameron.

July 29

I seek not many, many seek not me.
If there are few now seated at my board,
I pull no children's hair because they munch
Gilt gingerbread, the figured and the sweet,
Or wallow in the innocence of whey;
Give me wild-boar, the buck's broad haunch give me
And wine that time has mellow'd, even as time
Mellows the warrior hermit in his cell.

The Last Fruit off an Old Tree (Lines entitled 'To the Rev. Cuthbert Southey'.

July 30

Mahomet. I dare not drink wine: it aggravates my malady, the only one to which I am subject. Another inspiration here comes over me. I will forbid the use of this beverage. Why should others enjoy what I cannot?

Sergius. True religionist! But, Mahomet! Mahomet! will vision upon vision, revelation upon revelation, supersede this delicious habit? Relinquish such an impracticable conceit. Forbid wine indeed! God himself, if he descended on earth, and commanded it in a louder and clearer voice than that at which creation sprang forth, unless first he altered the composition both of body and soul, would utterly fail in this commandment.

Mahomet and Sergius.

July 31

Metastasio. It must, indeed, be confessed that whatever is far removed from fashionable life and changeable manners is best adapted to the higher poetry. We are glad and righteously proud to possess two worlds—the one at present under our feet, producing beef and mutton; the other, on which have passed before us gods, demigods, heroes, the Fates, the Furies, and all the numerous progeny of never-dying, never-ageing, eternally parturient Imagination. Great is the privilege of crossing at will the rivers of bitterness, of tears, of fire, and to wander and converse among the shades.

Alfieri and Metastasio.

August 1

(*To Wordsworth*)

We both have run o'er half the space
Listed for mortal's earthly race;
We both have crost life's fervid line,
And other stars before us shine:
May they be bright and prosperous
As those that have been stars for us!
Our course by Milton's light was sped,
And Shakespeare shining overhead:
Chatting on deck was Dryden too,
The Bacon of the rhyming crew;

None ever crost our mystic sea
More richly stored with thought than he;
Tho' never tender nor sublime,
He wrestles with and conquers Time.
To learn my lore on Chaucer's knee,
I left much prouder company;
Thee gentle Spenser fondly led,
But me he mostly sent to bed.

I wish them every joy above
That highly blessed spirits prove,
Save one: and that too shall be theirs,
But after many rolling years,
When 'mid their light thy light appears.

Poems and Epigrams (To Wordsworth).

August 2

Barrow (of Bacon). The small volume of *Essays* in your hand contains more wisdom and more genius than we can find in all the philosophers of antiquity; with one exception, Cicero.

Barrow and Newton.

August 3

Alfieri. That Shakespeare was gay and pleasurable in conversation I can easily admit; for there never was a mind at once so plastic and so pliant: but, without much gravity, could there have been that potency and comprehensiveness of thought, that depth of feeling, that

creation of imperishable ideas, that sojourn in the souls of other men? He was amused in his workshop: such was society. But when he left it, he meditated intensely upon those limbs and muscles on which he was about to bestow new action, grace, and majesty; and so great an intensity of meditation must have strongly impressed his whole character.

Alfieri and Metastasio.

August 4

Marvel. Milton, and men like him, bring their own incense, kindle it with their own fire, and leave it unconsumed and unconsumable; and their music, by day and by night, swells along a vault commensurate with the vault of heaven.

Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.

August 5

Landor. In our English heroic verse, such as Milton has composed it, there is a much greater variety of feet, of movement, of musical notes and bars, than in the Greek heroic; and the final sounds are incomparably more diversified. My predilection in youth was on the side of Homer; for I had read the *Iliad* twice, and the *Odyssea* once, before the *Paradise Lost.* Averse as I am to anything relating to theology, and especially to the view of it thrown open by this poem, I recur to it

incessantly as the noblest specimen in the world of eloquence, harmony, and genius.

Southey and Landor.

August 6

Southey. In the *Paradise Lost* no principal character seems to have been intended. There is neither truth nor wit however in saying that Satan is hero of the piece, unless, as is usually the case in human life, he is the greatest hero who gives the widest sway to the worst passions.

Southey and Landor.

August 7

Peterborough. It is something to have an influence on the fortunes of mankind: it is greatly more to have an influence on their intellects. Such is the difference between men of office and men of genius.

William Penn and Lord Peterborough.

August 8

First bring me Raphael, who alone hath seen
In all her purity Heaven's virgin queen,
Alone hath felt true beauty; bring me then
Titian, ennobler of the noblest men;
And next the sweet Correggio, nor chastise
His little Cupids for those wicked eyes.
I want not Rubens's pink puffy bloom,
Nor Rembrandt's glimmer in a dusty room.

With those, and Poussin's nymph-frequented woods,
His templed heights and long-drawn solitudes,
I am content, yet fain would look abroad
On one warm sunset of Ausonian Claude.

Poems and Epigrams.

August 9

Legate. Raphael in Rome had forgotten the tenderness of his diviner love; and the Tempter had seduced him to change purity for power.

The Cardinal-Legate Albani and Picture-Dealers.

August 10

Aspasia. Sculpture and Painting are moments of life; Poetry is life itself, and everything around it and above it.

Pericles and Aspasia.

August 11

Landor (of Pindar). There is a grandeur of soul which never leaves him, even in domestic scenes; and his genius does not rise on points or peaks of sublimity, but pervades the subject with a vigorous and easy motion, such as the poets attribute to the herald of the gods. He is remarkable for the rich economy of his ideas and the temperate austerity of his judgement; and he never says more than what is proper, nor otherwise than what is best.

The Abbé Delille and Walter Landor.

August 12

Landor (of Euripides). He presents more shades and peculiarities of character than all other poets of antiquity put together.

The Abbé Delille and Walter Landor.

August 13

Landor. I find traces in Milton of nearly all the best Latin poets, excepting Lucretius. This is singular; for there is in both of them a generous warmth and a contemptuous severity. I admire and love Lucretius. There is about him a simple majesty, a calm and lofty scorn of everything pusillanimous and abject; and, consistently with this character, his poetry is masculine, plain, concentrated, and energetic.

Southey and Landor.

August 14

Machiavelli. Republican as I have lived, and shall die, I would rather any other state of social life, than naked and rude democracy; because I have always found it more jealous of merit, more suspicious of wisdom, more proud of riding on great minds, more pleased at raising up little ones above them, more fond of loud talking, more impatient of calm reasoning, more unsteady, more ungrateful, and more ferocious; above

all, because it leads to despotism through fraudulence, intemperance, and corruption.

Machiavelli and Guicciardini.

August 15

Strong men
Are strongest with their feet upon the ground.
Light-bodied Fancy, Fancy plover-winged,
Draws some away from culture to dry downs
Where none but insects find their nutriment;
There let us leave them to their sleep and dreams.

Poems and Epigrams (To Southey).

August 16

Sidney. Do you imagine that any contest of shepherds can afford them the same pleasure as I receive from the description of it; or that even in their loves, however innocent and faithful, they are so free from anxiety as I while I celebrate them? The exertion of intellectual power, of fancy and imagination, keeps from us greatly more than their wretchedness, and affords us greatly more than their enjoyment.

Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney.

August 17

Epicurus. All the imitative arts have delight for the principal object: the first of these is poetry; the highest of poetry is tragic.

Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.

August 18

Epicurus. The theatre is delightful when we erect it in our own house or arbour, and when there is but one spectator.

Leontion. You must lose the illusion in great part, if you only read the tragedy, which I fancy to be your meaning.

Epicurus. I lose the less of it. Do not imagine that the illusion is, or can be, or ought to be, complete. If it were possible, no Phalaris or Perillus could devise a crueller torture. Here are two imitations: first, the poet's of the sufferer; secondly, the actor's of both: poetry is superinduced. No man in pain ever uttered the better part of the language used by Sophocles. We admit it, and willingly, and are at least as much illuded by it as by anything else we hear or see upon the stage. Poets and statuaries and painters give us an adorned imitation of the object, so skilfully treated that we receive it for a correct one. This is the only illusion they aim at: this is the perfection of their arts.

Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.

August 19

Peterborough. The worst objection I myself could ever find against the theatre is, that I lose in it my original idea of such men as Caesar and Coriolanus, and,

where the loss affects me more deeply, of Juliet and Desdemona.

William Penn and Lord Peterborough.

August 20

Peterborough (*continues*). Alexander was a fool to wish for a second world to conquer: but no man is a fool who wishes for the enjoyment of two; the real and ideal: nor is it anything short of a misfortune, I had almost said of a calamity, to confound them. This is done by the stage: it is likewise done by engravings in books, which have a great effect in weakening the imagination, and are serviceable only to those who have none, and who read negligently and idly.

William Penn and Lord Peterborough.

August 21

Peterborough (*continues*). I should be sorry if the most ingenious print in the world were to cover the first impression left on my mind of such characters as Don Quixote and Sancho: yet probably a very indifferent one might do it; for we cannot master our fancies, nor give them at will a greater or less tenacity, a greater or less promptitude in coming and recurring.

William Penn and Lord Peterborough.

August 22

The brave
When they no longer doubt, no longer fear.

Gebir.

August 23

Jeanne. I shall be far from loveliness, even in my own eyes, until I execute the will of God in the deliverance of his people.

Agnes. Never hope it.

Jeanne. The deliverance that is never hoped seldom comes.

The Maid of Orleans and Agnes Sorel.

August 24

Guicciardini. All desires out of the domestic circle lead to disappointment; most of them, to grief. Are we less tranquil than under the late regimen?

Machiavelli. The sleeper is more tranquil than the wide-awake, and the dead even than he.

Machiavelli and Guicciardini.

August 25

Newton. I am not quite satisfied.

Barrow. Those who are quite satisfied sit still and do nothing; those who are not quite satisfied are the sole benefactors of the world.

Barrow and Newton.

August 26

Pericles. In proportion as authority was consigned to me, I found it both expedient and easy to grow better, time not being left me for sedentary occupations or

frivolous pursuits, and every desire being drawn on and absorbed in that mighty and interminable, that rushing, renovating, and purifying one, which comprehends our country.

Pericles and Aspasia.

August 27

Alfieri. It is easier to get twenty oaths and curses from an Englishman than one tear; but there are hot springs at the centre of his heart which bring forth perpetual fertility. He puts unhappiness down despotically, and will labour at doing good if you abstain from looking at him while he does it.

Alfieri and Metastasio.

August 28

Lacy. The throne of God is a speck of darkness, if you compare it with the heart that beats only and beats constantly to pour forth its blood for the preservation of our country.

General Lacy and Cura Merino.

August 29

Archdeacon Hare.

The richest flowers have not most honey-cells.
You seldom find the bee about the rose,
Oftener the beetle eating into it.
The violet less attracts the noisy hum
Than the minute and poisonous bloom of box.

Poets know this: Nature's invited guests
Draw near and note it down and ponder it;
The idler sees it, sees unheedingly,
Unheedingly the rifler of the hive.

Archdeacon Hare and Walter Landor.

August 30

Landor. A little thing turns me from one idleness to another. More than once when I have taken out my pencil to fix an idea on paper, the smell of the cedar, held by me unconsciously across the nostrils, hath so absorbed the senses, that what I was about to write down has vanished, altogether and irrevocably.

Southey and Landor.

August 31

La Fontaine. Slumber—which is indeed one of the pleasantest and best things in the universe, particularly after dinner.

La Fontaine and La Rochefoucault.

September 1

Tell me (if ever, Eros! are reveal'd
Thy secrets to the earth) have they been true
To any love who speak about the first?

Poems and Epigrams (from Pericles and Aspasia).

September 2

Aspasia. There are little things that leave no little regrets. I might have said kind words, and perhaps have done kind actions, to many who are now beyond the reach of them.

Pericles and Aspasia.

September 3

Epicurus. Many a froward axiom, many an inhumane thought, hath arisen from sitting inconveniently, from hearing a few unpleasant sounds, from the confinement of a gloomy chamber, or from the want of symmetry in it. We are not aware of this, until we find an exemption from it in groves or promontories, or along the sea-shore, or wherever else we meet Nature face to face, undisturbed and solitary.

Ternissa You would wish us then away?

Epicurus. I speak of solitude; you of desolation.

Ternissa. O flatterer! is this philosophy?

Epicurus. Yes; if you are a thought the richer or a moment the happier for it.

Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.

September 4

Dr. Johnson (to Horne Tooke). 'I am delighted to *hear from you.*' No other language has this beautiful expression, which, like some of the most lovely flowers,

loses its charm from want of close inspection. When I consider the deep sense of these very simple and very common words, I seem to hear a voice coming from afar through the air, breathed forth, and intrusted to the care of the elements, for the nurture of my sympathy.

Samuel Johnson and John Horne Tooke.

September 5

Anaxagoras. I hardly know what I am treading on, when I make a single step toward philosophy. On sand I fear it is; and, whether the impression be shallow or profound, the eternal tide of human passions will cover and efface it. There are many who would be vexed and angry at this, and would say, in the bitterness of their hearts, that they have spent their time in vain. Aspasia! Aspasia! they have indeed, if they are angry or vexed about it.

Pericles and Aspasia.

September 6

Aspasia. The business of philosophy is to examine and estimate all those things which come within the cognizance of the understanding. Speculations on any that lie beyond are only pleasant dreams, leaving the mind to the lassitude of disappointment.

Pericles and Aspasia.

September 7

Aspasia. 'In the intellectual,' said he [Pericles], 'as in the physical, men grasp you firmly and tenaciously by the hand, creeping close at your side, step for step, while you lead them into darkness; but when you conduct them into sudden light, they start and quit you!'

Pericles and Aspasia.

September 8

Soon, O Ianthe! life is o'er,
And sooner beauty's heavenly smile:
Grant only (and I ask no more),
Let love remain that little while.

Poems and Epigrams.

September 9

Death has two aspects: dreary and sorrowful to those of prosperous, mild and almost genial to those of adverse, fortune. Her countenance is old to the young, and youthful to the aged: to the former her voice is importunate, her gait terrific; the latter she approaches like a bedside friend, and calls in a whisper that invites to rest.

Marcus Tullius and Quinctus Cicero.

September 10

Aspasia. Of the future we know nothing, of the past little, of the present less; the mirror is too close to our eyes, and our own breath dims it.

Pericles and Aspasia.

September 11

Belief in a future life is the appetite of reason: and I see not why we should not gratify it as unreluctantly as the baser. Religion does not call upon us to believe the fables of the vulgar, but on the contrary to correct them.

Marcus Tullius and Quinctus Cicero.

September 12

Normanby. If there is only the probability that a man will be the happier or the honester by one belief than by another, would you hesitate to leave him in possession of it?

Richelieu, Cotes, Glengrin, and Normanby.

September 13

Lucian. It is the business of the philosophical to seek truth; it is the office of the religious to worship her: under what name, is unimportant. The falsehood that the tongue commits is slight in comparison with what is conceived by the heart, and executed by the whole man, throughout life.

Lucian and Timotheus.

September 14

Alcibiades. It appears to me, O Xenophon, who indeed have thought but little and incuriously about the

varieties of religion, that whichever is the least intrusive and dogmatical is the best. All are ancient; as ancient as men's fears and wishes: the gods would all be kind enough if nations would not call upon them to scatter and exterminate their enemies.

Alcibiades and Xenophon.

September 15

Proud word you never spoke, but you will speak
Four not exempt from pride some future day.
Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek
Over my open volume you will say,
'This man loved *me*!' then rise and trip away.

Poems and Epigrams.

September 16

Aspasia. 'I ought to experience no enmity from them', said he [Thucydides]. 'Before my time comes, theirs will be over.'

Pericles and Aspasia.

September 17

A word to those who talk of inconsistency. There is as much of it in him who stands while another moves, as in him who moves while another stands.

Landor (Note to Bishop Burnet and Humphrey Hardcastle).

September 18

Florentine. We are as unwilling to exchange our thoughts for another's as our children, whatever more they may possess of strength or beauty.

Landor, English Visitor, and Florentine.

September 19

Metastasio. We all have our opinions; some shut up in the closet, and some lying on the dressing-table. Mine I keep to myself, as I received them in baptism; and I am informed by my superiors that no discussion of them is profitable or pardonable.

Alfieri. There are no better judges of pardons and profits. If men do not know their own children, who upon earth shall point them out?

Metastasio. When a boon is bestowed on me, I ask no questions.

Alfieri. Before I accept one, I inquire whether it came fairly and honestly into the donor's hands; and it is not of the donor I ask the question.

Alfieri and Metastasio.

September 20

Middleton. Whatever is indemonstrable may be questioned, and, if important, should be. We are not to tremble at the shaking of weak minds: Reason does not make them so; she, like Virtue, is debilitated by

indulgences, and sickened to death by the blasts of heat and cold blown alternately from your church.

Middleton and Magliabecchi.

September 21

Lucian. It is because a word is unsusceptible of explanation, or because they who employed it were impatient of any, that enormous evils have prevailed, not only against our common sense, but against our common humanity. Hence the most pernicious of absurdities, far exceeding in folly and mischief the worship of three-score gods: namely, that an implicit faith in what outrages our reason, which we know is God's gift and bestowed on us for our guidance—that this weak, blind, stupid faith is surer of his favour than the constant practice of every human virtue.

Lucian and Timotheus.

September 22

Julian. That high,
That only eminence 'twixt earth and heaven,
Virtue, which some desert, but none despise.

Count Julian.

September 23

Bloombury. When I uplift my eyes to heaven and see Jupiter (so-called) and Saturn (name of foolishness) and all the starry host——

Physician. You see things less worthy of your

attention than a gang of gypsies in a grassy lane. You cannot ask Saturn (name of foolishness) nor Jupiter (so-called) whether he wants anything, nor could you give it if he did; but one or other of these poor creatures may be befriended in some way, may in short be made better and honester and cleanlier.

Lord Coleraine, Bloombury, and Swan.

September 24

Lucian. If, professing love and charity to the human race at large, I quarrel day after day with my next neighbour; if, professing that the rich can never see God, I spend in the luxuries of my household a talent monthly; if, professing that I am their steward, I keep ninety-nine parts in the hundred as the emolument of my stewardship—how, when God hates liars and punishes defrauders, shall I, and other such thieves and hypocrites, fare hereafter?

Lucian and Timotheus.

September 25

Calvin. By our Heavenly Father many are called, but few are chosen.

Melanchthon. There is scarcely a text in the Holy Scriptures to which there is not an opposite text, written in characters equally large and legible; and there has usually been a sword laid upon each.

Melanchthon and Calvin.

September 26

Peterborough. All the rogues that ever lived have brought little misery upon the world, in comparison with those who had too much zeal.

William Penn and Lord Peterborough.

September 27

Anaxagoras. Is it not in philosophy as in love? the more we have of it, and the less we talk about it, the better. Never touch upon religion with anybody. The irreligious are incurable and insensible; the religious are morbid and irritable; the former would scorn, the latter would strangle you.

Pericles and Aspasia.

September 28

Epicurus. If those who differ on speculative points would walk together now and then in the country, they might find many objects that must unite them.

Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.

September 29

Yet neither where we first drew breath,
Nor where our fathers sleep in death,
Nor where the mystic ring was given,
The link from earth that reaches heaven,
Nor London, Paris, Florence, Rome,
In his own heart's the wise man's home.

Poems and Epigrams ('Let me sit here').

September 30

Melanchthon. I remember no discussion on religion in which religion was not a sufferer by it, if mutual forbearance and belief in another's good motives and intentions are (as I must always think they are) its proper and necessary appurtenances.

Calvin. Would you never make enquiries?

Melanchthon. Yes, and as deep as possible; but into my own heart; for that belongs to me, and God hath entrusted it most especially to my own superintendence.

Melanchthon and Calvin.

October 1

On a Quaker's Tankard.

Ye lie, friend Pindar! and friend Thales,
Nothing so good as water? Ale is.

Poems and Epigrams.

October 2

Scaliger. I know three things—wine, poetry, and the world.

Joseph Scaliger and Montaigne.

October 3

Petrarca. Truth is only unpleasant in its novelty. He who first utters it, says to his hearer, 'You are less wise than I am.' Now who likes this?

The Pentameron.

October 4

Parker. Doubts are entertained whether he believes any longer in the co-equality of the Son with the Father, or indeed in his atonement for our sins. Such being the case, he forfeits the name and privileges of a Christian.

Marvel. Not with Christians, if they know that he keeps the ordinances of Christ.

Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.

October 5

Lord Brooke. A forced match between a man and his religion sours his temper, and leaves a barren bed.

Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney.

October 6

Shakespeare (quoting a preacher whom he liked). 'There is one more question at which ye will tremble when ye ask it in the recesses of your souls; I do tremble at it, yet must utter it. Whether we do not more warmly and erectly stand up for God's word because it came from our mouths, than because it came from his?'

Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare.

October 7

Middleton. I am not one of those who consider idolatry as the most heinous of sins. In the commission

of idolatry for a lifetime there is less wickedness than in one malignant action, or one injurious or blighting word.

Middleton and Magliabecchi.

October 8

Is it not better at an early hour
In its calm cell to rest the weary head,
While birds are singing and while blooms the bower,
Than sit the fire out and go starved to bed?

Poems and Epigrams.

October 9

Magliabecchi. Our religion, like the vast edifices in which we celebrate it, seems dark when first entered from without. The vision accommodates itself gradually to the place; and we are soon persuaded that we see just as much as we should see.

Middleton and Magliabecchi.

October 10

Middleton. We often treat God in the same manner as we should treat some doting or some passionate old man; we feign, we flatter, we sing, we cry, we gesticulate.

Middleton and Magliabecchi.

October 11

Washington. If we believe in Revelation, we must believe that God wishes us to converse with him but little, since the only form of address he has prescribed to us is an extremely short one. He has placed us where our time may be more beneficially employed in mutually kind offices; and he does not desire us to tell him hour after hour how dearly we love him, or how much we want from him; he knows these things exactly.

Washington and Franklin.

October 12

Shakespeare (quoting a book which he liked). 'It is a comfortable thing to reflect, as they do, and as we may do unblamably, that we are uplifting to our Guide and Maker the same incense of the heart, and are uttering the very words, which our dearest friends in all quarters of the earth, nay in heaven itself, are offering to the throne of grace at the same moment.'

Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare.

October 13

Shakespeare (quoting a book which he liked). 'What are these bodies? Do they unite us? No; they keep us apart and asunder even while we touch. Realms and oceans, worlds and ages, open before two spirits bent on

heaven. What a choir surrounds us when we resolve to live unitedly and harmoniously in Christian faith!'

Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare.

October 14

Shakespeare (quoting a preacher whom he liked). 'Whenever ye want to kill time call God to the chase, and bid the angels blow the horn.'

Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare.

October 15

In his own image the Creator made,
His own pure sunbeam quickened thee, O man!
Thou breathing dial! since thy day began,
The present hour was ever marked with shade!

Poems and Epigrams.

October 16

Aspasia. Reason, which strengthens our religion, weakens our devotion.

Pericles and Aspasia.

October 17

Marvel. I know that Milton, and every other great poet, must be religious; for there is nothing so godlike as a love of order, with a power of bringing great things into it. This power—unlimited in the one, limited (but incalculably and inconceivably great) in the other—belongs to the Deity and the poet.

Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.

October 18

Home. No nation in the world was ever so enlightened, and in all parts and qualities so civilized, as the Scotch. Why would you shake or unsettle or disturb those principles which have rendered us peaceable and contented?

Hume. I would not by any means.

Home. Many of your writings have evidently such a tendency.

Hume. Those of my writings to which you refer will be read by no nation; a few speculative men will take them; but none will be rendered more gloomy, more dissatisfied, or more unsocial by them. Rarely will you find one who, five minutes together, can fix his mind even on the surface: some new tune, some idle project, some light thought, some impracticable wish, will generally run, like the dazzling haze of summer on the dry heath, betwixt them and the reader. A bagpipe will swallow them up, a strathspey will dissipate them, or Romance with the death-rattle in her throat will drive them away into dark staircases and charnel-houses.

David Hume and John Home.

October 19

Peterborough. Though addicted to no particular system of philosophy or religion or government, I am convinced that if you destroy the institutions and

customs of men, however bad a great part of these may be, you also chill the blood of their attachments which are requisite for the prosperity and indeed for the safety of nations.

William Penn and Lord Peterborough.

October 20

Barrow. Let me admonish you to confide your secrets to few: I mean the secrets of science. In every great mind there are some: every deep enquirer hath discovered more than he thought it prudent to avow, as almost every shallow one throws out more than he hath well discovered.

Barrow and Newton.

October 21

Barrow. We cannot but recollect how lately Galileo was persecuted and imprisoned for his discoveries.

Newton. He lived under a popish government.

Barrow. My friend! my friend! all the most eminently scientific, all the most eminently brave and daring in the exercise of their intellects, live, and have ever lived, under a popish government. There are popes in all creeds, in all countries, in all ages.

Barrow and Newton.

October 22

The leaves are falling; so am I;
The few late flowers have moisture in the eye;
So have I too.
Scarcely on any bough is heard
Joyous, or even unjoyous, bird
The whole wood through.
Winter may come: he brings but nigher
His circle (yearly narrowing) to the fire
Where old friends meet:
Let him; now heaven is overcast
And spring and summer both are past,
And all things sweet.

Poems and Epigrams.

October 23

Milton. We enter our studies, and enjoy a society which we alone can bring together; we raise no jealousy by conversing with one in preference to another: we give no offence to the most illustrious by questioning him as long as we will, and leaving him as abruptly. Diversity of opinion raises no tumult in our presence: each interlocutor stands before us, speaks or is silent, and we adjourn or decide the business at our leisure. Nothing is past which we desire to be present; and we enjoy by anticipation somewhat like the power which I imagine we shall possess hereafter of sailing on a wish from world to world.

Milton and Andrew Marvel.

October 24

Petrarca. Impossible as it is to look far and with pleasure into the future, what a privilege is it, how incomparably greater than any other that genius can confer, to be able to direct the backward flight of fancy and imagination to the recesses they most delighted in; to be able, as the shadows lengthen in our path, to call up before us the youth of our sympathies in all their tenderness and purity.

The Pentameron.

October 25

Marvel. How different the historians of antiquity! We read Sallust, and always are incited by the desire of reading on, although we are surrounded by conspirators and barbarians; we read Livy, until we imagine we are standing in an august pantheon, covered with altars and standards, over which are the four fatal letters that spellbound all mankind.[1]

Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.

October 26

Normanby (quoting Thomas Paine). 'Eloquence is the varnish of falsehood; truth has none!'

'What!' said I, taking from my pocket and giving to him my Pascal and Epictetus. 'Are not these eloquent?'

'Neither of them,' answered he; 'they are only the

[1] S. P. Q. R.

best-written books in the world, being the plainest and fullest of ratiocination.'

Richelieu, Cotes, Glengrin, and Normanby.

October 27

Cicero. We shall enjoy a future state accordingly as we have employed our intellect and affections.

Marcus Tullius and Quinctus Cicero.

October 28

Pericles. What a deal of time we lose in business!

Pericles and Aspasia.

October 29

Poet. Thus do you sit and break the flowers
That might have lived a few short hours,
And lived for you! Love, who o'erpowers
My youth and me,

Shows me the petals idly shed,
Shows me my hopes as early dead,
In vain, in vain admonished
By all I see.

Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney.

October 30

Penn. Perverse as we are, we sigh for happiness; we know where to find it, and we will not go for it one step.

Would we increase it, we must do with it as we do with money: we must put it out. Whatever of it we place in the hands of another, let him be improvident, let him be thankless, is sure to return to us, and without delay: whatever we keep to ourselves lies dead the moment we have thus settled it, and cannot be lifted from the chest.

William Penn and Lord Peterborough.

October 31

Francesco Madiai. I might never have thought seriously of praying for my enemies, had it not been the will of a merciful and all-wise God to cast me into the midst of them.

Archbishop of Florence and Madiai.

November 1

We hurry to the river we must cross,
And swifter downward every footstep wends;
Happy who reach it ere they count the loss
Of half their faculties and half their friends!
When we are come to it the stream
Is not so dreary as they deem
Who look on it from haunts too dear;
The weak from Pleasure's baths feel most its chilling air!

Poems and Epigrams (To Southey: 'Indweller of a peaceful vale').

November 2

Shakespeare (quoting a preacher whom he liked). 'As years are running past us, let us throw something on them which they cannot shake off in the dust and hurry of the world, but must carry with them to that great year of all, whereunto the lesser of this mortal life do tend and are subservient.'

Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare.

November 3

Cicero. Neither to give nor to take offence are surely the two things most delightful in human life; and it is by these two things that eternal happiness may be attained.

Marcus Tullius and Quinctus Cicero.

November 4

Rochefoucault. Plain truths, like plain dishes, are commended by everybody, and everybody leaves them whole.

La Fontaine and La Rochefoucault.

November 5

Hume. If men would permit their minds, like their children, to associate freely together, if they would agree to meet one another with smiles and frankness, instead of suspicion and defiance, the common stock of intelligence and happiness would be centupled.

David Hume and John Home.

November 6

Essex. The things that are too true pass by us as if they were not true at all; and when they have singled us out then only do they strike us.

Essex and Spenser.

November 7

Brooke. A solitude is the audience-chamber of God.

Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney.

November 8

Julian. Man's only relics are his benefits;
These, be there ages, be there worlds, between,
Retain him in communion with his kind.

Count Julian.

November 9

Marvel. A man's self is often his worst robber. He steals from his own bosom and heart what God has there deposited, and he hides it out of his way, as dogs and foxes do with bones. But the robberies we commit on the body of our superfluities, and store up in vacant places—in places of poverty and sorrow—these, whether in the dark or in the daylight, leave us neither in nakedness nor in fear, are marked by no burning-iron of conscience, are followed by no scourge of reproach;

they never deflower prosperity, they never distemper sleep.

Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.

November 10

Shakespeare (quoting a preacher whom he liked). 'According to the arithmetic in practice, he who makes the most idlers and the most ingrates is the most worshipful. But wiser ones than the scorers in this school will tell you how riches and power were bestowed by Providence that generosity and mercy should be exercised; for, if every gift of the Almighty were distributed in equal portions to every creature, less of such virtues would be called into the field; consequently there would be less of gratitude, less of submission, less of devotion, less of hope, and, in the total, less of content.'

Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare.

November 11

Archbishop Boulter. A want of the necessaries of life, in peasants or artisans, when the seasons have been favourable, is a certain sign of defect in the constitution, or of criminality in the administration. It may not be advisable or safe to tell every one this truth: yet it is needful to inculcate it on the minds of governors, and to repeat it until they find the remedy.

Archbishop Boulter and Philip Savage.

November 12

Romilly. After so many have coldly repeated that vice leads to misery, is there no generous man who will proclaim aloud that misery leads to vice?

Romilly and Wilberforce.

November 13

Hume. Monks, it is true, are only as stars that shine upon the desert; but tell me, I beseech you, who caused such a desert in the moral world, and who rendered so faint a light, in some of its periods, a blessing? Ignorant rulers, must be the answer, and inhuman laws.

David Hume and John Home.

November 14

Aspasia. Peace is at all times a blessing; and war, even the most prosperous, a curse. In war extremely few of men's desires are gratified, and those the most hateful; in peace, many, and those the kindliest.

Pericles and Aspasia.

November 15

Countess. Child! all men are dissemblers;
The generous man dissembles his best thoughts,
His worst the ungenerous.

The Siege of Ancona.

November 16

Hume. Probably those two men who hate each other most, and whose best husbandry is to sow burs and thistles in each other's path, would, if they had ever met and conversed familiarly, have been ardent and inseparable friends. The minister who may order my book to be burned to-morrow by the hangman, if I by any accident had been seated yesterday by his side at dinner, might perhaps in another fortnight recommend me to his master for a man of such gravity and understanding as to be worthy of being a privy councillor, and might conduct me to the treasury bench.

David Hume and John Home.

November 17

Landor. I have expunged many thoughts for their close resemblance to what others had written, whose works I never saw until after. But all thinking men must think, all imaginative men must imagine, many things in common, although they differ.

Southey and Landor.

November 18

Metrodorus. Men in all nations and in all times have displayed more zeal and ability in pulling down the gods to their own level than in raising themselves ever so little towards the gods.

Epicurus and Metrodorus.

November 19

Penn. In printing and writing the mark of admiration and of horror is the same: oftentimes in life, what we abhor we should admire, and what we admire, abhor.

William Penn and Lord Peterborough.

November 20

Sandt. The soldier is the highest or the lowest of mankind.

Blücher and Sandt.

November 21

Machiavelli. No pontiff, no despot, can ever be friendly to science; least of all to that best of sciences which teaches us that liberty and peace are the highest of human blessings.

Machiavelli and Michael-Angelo.

November 22

Julian. The agony
Of an opprest and of a bursting heart
No violence can silence; at its voice
The trumpet is o'erpower'd, and glory mute,
And peace and war hide all their charms alike.
Surely the guests and ministers of heaven

Scatter it forth through all the elements,
So suddenly, so widely, it extends,
So fearfully men breathe it, shuddering
To ask or fancy how it first arose.
Count Julian.

November 23

Barrow. Never take into your confidence, or admit often into your company, any man who does not know, on some important subject, more than you do.
Barrow and Newton.

November 24

Alfieri. There are those who would persuade us that verbal criticism is unfair, and that few poems can resist it. The truth of the latter assertion by no means establishes the former: all good criticism has its foundation on verbal.
Alfieri and Salomon.

November 25

Pericles. It is more barbarous to undermine the stability of a language than of an edifice that hath stood as long.
Pericles and Aspasia.

November 26

Landor. I am radically a Conservative in everything useful; and during my stay at this inn called Human

Life, I would trust anything to the Chambermaids rather than my English tongue.

Quoted Golden Treasury Selection, p. 300.

November 27

Lucian. A quoter is either ostentatious of his acquirements, or doubtful of his cause.

Lucian and Timotheus.

November 28

Penn. When a man on any occasion saith, 'I do not think so,' we might ask him, if civility allowed it, 'Hast thou thought enough upon it? Or in truth hast thou thought at all?'

William Penn and Lord Peterborough.

November 29

Mild is the parting year, and sweet
The odour of the falling spray;
Life passes on more rudely fleet,
And balmless is its closing day.

I wait its close, I court its gloom,
But mourn that never must there fall
Or on my breast or on my tomb
The tear that would have soothed it all.

Poems and Epigrams.

November 30

Filippo Lippi. Abdul neither practises nor exacts any other superstition than ablutions.

Pope Eugenius. Detestable rites! without our authority. I venture to affirm that, in the whole of Italy and Spain, no convent of monks or nuns contains a bath; and that the worst inmate of either would shudder at the idea of observing such a practice in common with the unbeliever. For the washing of the feet indeed we have the authority of the earlier Christians; and it may be done, but solemnly and sparingly. Thy residence among the Mahometans, I am afraid, hath rendered thee more favourable to them than beseems a Catholic, and thy mind, I do suspect, sometime goes back into Barbary unreluctantly.

Filippo Lippi and Pope Eugenius IV.

December 1

Death stands above me, whispering low
I know not what into my ear:
Of his strange language all I know
Is, there is not a word of fear.

Poems and Epigrams.

December 2

Boccaccio. If indeed time can be reckoned any more in sleep than in heaven.

The Pentameron.

December 3

Cicero. And there is something consolatory in this idea of duration and identity; for whatever be your philosophy, you must acknowledge that it is pleasant to think, although you know not wherefore, that, when we go away, things visible, like things intellectual, will remain in great measure as we left them. A slight displeasure would be felt by us, if we were certain that after our death our houses would be taken down, though not only no longer inhabited by us, but probably not destined to remain in the possession of our children; and that even these vineyards, fields, and gardens were about to assume another aspect.

Marcus Tullius and Quinctus Cicero.

December 4

Marvel. Two ancient religions, the Grecian and Egyptian, met in perfectly good temper at Alexandria, lived and flourished there together for many centuries, united in honouring whatever was worthy of honour in each communion, and never heard of persecution for matters of opinion until Christianity came and taught it.

Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.

December 5

Demosthenes. Let us observe, O Eubulides, the religion of our country, be it what it may, unless it

command us to be cruel or unjust. In religion, if we are right, we do not know we are; if we are wrong, we would not. Above all, let us do nothing and say nothing which may abolish or diminish in the hearts of the vulgar the sentiments of love and awe; on the contrary, let us perpetually give them fresh excitement and activity, by baring them to the heavens.

Demosthenes and Eubulides.

December 6

Lucian. A winged word hath stuck ineradicably in a million hearts, and envenomed every hour throughout their hard pulsation; on a winged word hath hung the destiny of nations; on a winged word hath human wisdom been willing to cast the immortal soul, and to leave it dependent for all its future happiness.

Lucian and Timotheus.

December 7

Landor. If anything could engage me to visit Rome again, to endure the sight of her scarred and awful ruins, telling their stories on the ground in the midst of bell-ringers and pantomimes; if I could let charnel-houses and opera-houses, consuls and popes, tribunes and cardinals, senatorial orators and preaching friars, clash in my mind—it would be that I might afterward spend an hour in solitude where the pyramid of Cestius stands against the wall, and points to the humbler tombs of Keats and Shelley.

Landor, English Visitor, and Florentine.

December 8

Hernando. Of all who pass us in life's drear descent
We grieve the most for those that wished to die.

Count Julian.

December 9

(*Continued from December* 7.)

Landor. Nothing so attracts my heart as ruins in deserts, or so repels it as ruins in the circle of fashion. What is so shocking as the hard verity of Death swept by the rustling masquerade of Life! and does not Mortality of herself teach us how little we are, without placing us amidst the trivialities of patchwork pomp, where Virgil led the gods to found an empire, where Cicero saved and Caesar shook the world!

Quoted Golden Treasury Selection, p. 337.

December 10

Vittoria. If there are griefs—which we know there are—so intense as to deprive us of our intellects, griefs in the next degree of intensity, far from depriving us of them, amplify, purify, regulate, and adorn them.

Vittoria Colonna and Michael-Angelo.

December 11

We struggle with Death while we have friends around to cheer us; the moment we miss them we lose all heart for the contest.

The Pentameron (Introduction).

December 12

Epicurus. 'Time enough yet', said she. O Menander! what miseries in all ages have these three words produced! how many duties have they caused to be unfulfilled! how many keen regrets have they excited.

Menander and Epicurus.

December 13

Sophocles. It is folly to say Death levels the whole human race: for it is only when he hath stripped men of everything external, that their deformities can be clearly discovered, or their worth correctly ascertained.

Pericles and Sophocles.

December 14

Landor. He who is within two paces of the ninetieth year may sit down and make no excuses; he must be unpopular, he never tried to be much otherwise; he never contended with a contemporary, but walked alone on the far eastern uplands, meditating and remembering.

Quoted Golden Treasury Selection, p. 345.

December 15

—We are fond of thinking where to lie
When every pulse hath ceased, when the lone heart
Can lift no aspiration—reasoning
As if the sight were unimpaired by death,

Were unobstructed by the coffin-lid,
And the sun cheered corruption? Over all
The smiles of Nature shed a potent charm,
And light us to our chamber at the grave.

Poems and Epigrams ('I leave thee, beauteous Italy').

December 16

Mahomet. All native countries are most beautiful; yet we want something from them which they will not give us.

Mahomet and Sergius.

December 17

I am writing this from Venice, which is among cities what Shakespeare is among men. He will give her immortality by his works, which neither her patron saint could do nor her surrounding sea.

Quoted Golden Treasury Selection, p. 254.

December 18

We often hear that such or such a thing 'is not worth an old song'. Alas! how very few things are!

Quoted Golden Treasury Selection, p. 212.

December 19

Sidney. Poets are in general prone to melancholy; yet the most plaintive ditty hath imparted a fuller joy, and of longer duration, to its composer, than the conquest of Persia to the Macedonian.

Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney.

December 20

Boccaccio. 'Questi che mai da me non fia diviso!' Are we not impelled to join in her prayer, wishing them happier in their union?

Petrarca. If there be no sin in it.

Boccaccio. Ay, and if there be—God help us!

The Pentameron.

December 21

Mr. Tallboys. Death itself to the reflecting mind is less serious than marriage. The older plant is cut down that the younger may have room to flourish: a few tears drop into the loosened soil, and buds and blossoms spring over it. But marriage unrolls the awful lot of numberless generations. Health, Genius, Honour, are the words inscribed on some: on others are Disease, Fatuity, and Infamy.

Quoted Golden Treasury Selection, p. 224.

December 22

Aspasia.

We lose a life in every friend we lose,
And every death is painful but the last.

Pericles and Aspasia.

December 23

Diogenes. That air, so gentle, so imperceptible to thee, is more powerful not only than all the creatures that breathe and live by it; not only than all the oaks of the

forest, which it rears in an age and shatters in a moment; not only than all the monsters of the sea, but than the sea itself, which it tosses up into foam and breaks against every rock in its vast circumference; for it carries in its bosom, with perfect calm and composure, the incontrollable ocean and the peopled earth, like an atom of a feather.

To the world's turmoils and pageantries is attracted, not only the admiration of the populace, but the zeal of the orator, the enthusiasm of the poet, the investigation of the historian, and the contemplation of the philosopher: yet how silent and invisible are they in the depths of air! Do I say in those depths and deserts? No; I say at the distance of a swallow's flight; at the distance she rises above us, ere a sentence brief as this could be uttered.

Diogenes and Plato.

December 24

Anaxagoras. This is the pleasantest part of life. Oblivion throws her light coverlet over our infancy; and soon after we are out of the cradle we forget how soundly we had been slumbering, and how delightful were our dreams. Toil and pleasure contend for us almost the instant we rise from it: and weariness follows whichever has carried us away. We stop a while, look around us, wonder to find we have completed the circle of existence, fold our arms, and fall asleep again.

Pericles and Aspasia.

December 25

Melanchthon. He came to remit the sins of man; not the sins of a few, but of many; not the sins of many, but of all.

Calvin. What! of the benighted heathen too?—of the pagan? of the idolater?

Melanchthon. I hope so; but I dare not say it.

Calvin. You would include even the negligent, the indifferent, the sceptic, the unbeliever.

Melanchthon. Pitying them for a want of happiness in a want of faith. They are my brethren; they are God's children. He will pardon the presumption of my wishes for their welfare; my sorrow that they have fallen, some through their blindness, others through their deafness, others through their terror, others through their anger peradventure at the loud denunciations of unforgiving man. If I would forgive a brother, may not he, who is immeasurably better and more merciful, have pity on a child? He came on earth to take our nature upon him: will he punish, will he reprehend us, for an attempt to take as much as may be of his upon ourselves?

Melanchthon and Calvin.

December 26

Epicurus. I would never think of death as an embarrassment, but as a blessing.

Ternissa. How! a blessing?

Epicurus. What, if it makes our enemies cease to

hate us? What, if it makes our friends love us the more?

Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.

December 27

Cicero. Quinctus! Quinctus! let us exult with joy: there is no enemy to be appeased or avoided. We are moving forward and without exertion, thither where we shall know all we wish to know; and how greatly more than, whether in Tusculum or Formiae, in Rome or in Athens, we could ever hope to learn!

Marcus Tullius and Quinctus Cicero.

December 28

Pericles. The happy never say, and never hear said, farewell.

Pericles and Aspasia.

December 29

Years, many parti-coloured years,
Some have crept on, and some have flown,
Since first before me fell those tears
I never could see fall alone.
Years, not so many, are to come,
Years not so varied, when from you
One more will fall: when, carried home,
I see it not, nor hear *Adieu.*

Quoted Golden Treasury Selection, p. 308.

December 30

Petrarca. At last, before the close of the altercation, the third Genius had advanced, and stood near us. I cannot tell how I knew him, but I knew him to be the Genius of Death. Breathless as I was at beholding him, I soon became familiar with his features. First they seemed only calm; presently they grew contemplative; and lastly beautiful: those of the Graces themselves are less regular, less harmonious, less composed. Love glanced at him unsteadily, with a countenance in which there was somewhat of anxiety, somewhat of disdain; and cried, 'Go away! go away! nothing that thou touchest, lives.'

'Say rather, child,' replied the advancing form, and advancing grew loftier and statelier, 'Say rather that nothing of beautiful or of glorious lives its own true life until my wing hath passed over it.'

The Pentameron.

December 31

(*A young scholar's epitaph*)

IOHANNES WELLERBY,

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VIDFT DEI.

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